



TV CRIMEBUSTERS

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CONTINUE THE ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURES OF YOUR FAVOURITE  
TV CRIMEBUSTERS. INCLUDING

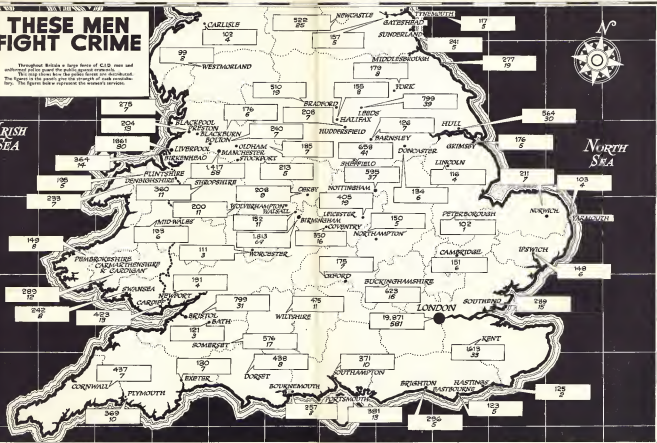
- 77 SUNSET STRIP
- HAWAIIAN EYE
- DANGER MAN
- INTERPOL CALLING
- THE AVENGERS
- THE FOUR JUST MEN
- ROARING TWENTIES
- THE PURSUERS
- CHARLIE CHAN
- DIXON OF DOCK GREEN

# THESE MEN FIGHT CRIME

Throughout Britain a large force of C.I.D. men and uniformed police guard the public against criminals. This map shows how the police forces are distributed. The figures in the panels give the strength of each constabulary. The figures below represent the women's services.

Irish  
Sea

North  
Sea



# Cases investigated...

- Death from a stranger ... **DANGER MAN** Page 5
- The Mobster ... **ROARING TWENTIES** Page 17
- Where there's a will ... **CHARLIE CHAN** Page 24
- Odd man out ... **INTERPOL CALLING** Page 33
- The Payoff ... **77 SUNSET STRIP** Page 36
- One drink too many ... **INTERPOL CALLING** Page 44
- Revenge from the dead ... **THE FOUR JUST MEN** Page 50
- Chicago Gunman ... **DIXON OF DOCK GREEN** Page 61
- The Greedy Man ... **THE PURSUERS** Page 70
- The Song Bird ... **HAWAIIAN EYE** Page 80
- The drug pedlar ... **THE AVENGERS** Page 87

FROM THE CASE FILE OF

# DANGER MAN



## DEATH FROM A STRANGER

John Drake is my name. If M.I.S, C.I.A or Deuxieme Bureau have a messy job, they call on me.

When three small-time crooks robbed an aircraft factory, I was put on a plane to Hamburg.

Normally, I did not become involved in larceny cases, but this was a robbery with a difference. With the thirty thousand dollars, the crooks took some top secret missile plans.



One of the crooks had been spotted in Germany. I was to find him and recover the plans.



But while the police were checking for me, Billy Saunter was being aided by another man.



Poor Billy didn't have time to think.

THE WORLD IS BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOUR KIND SAUNTER!



I heard the shots, three of them, as I opened the door of the rooming house.



The gunman didn't wait to exchange bullets . . . he ducked into a lumber room . . .



The door was solid . . . and locked. I waited patiently, silently, hoping to peak the gunman into a mistake.



Then his gun came round the door, automatic blazing wildly. I cleared all my weight forward crushing his hand.



The stranger groined in agony and pushed his weight against the door, then I was hurtling across the passage



Then I know that Billy Saunter would talk no more!

I was about to follow when Billy Saunter whispered some dying words . . .



YOU MUST WARN . . . ROGER . . . AT THE PLATTEA HOTEL, MADRID . . . WARN ROGER . . . AND CHALMERS IS NICE!

Roger and Chalmers . . . they must have been Saunter's accomplices. I caught the first aircraft to Spain . . .



I went to the Hotel Plattea, it was third rate.



TELL ME HAVE YOU A MAN NAMED ROGER STAYING HERE

5. SENOR, HE IS IN ROOM NINETEEN.

I dumped my bag and then went to room nineteen. . . .



But I had passed Roper . . . and I  
soon knew it!



This guy had been scared before I  
knocked on his door . . . now he was  
paralyzed!



Slowly I edged for-  
ward, gun in my  
hand. . .



Just before I passed out, I heard another footfall . . . and  
Roper gasped.



When I recovered my senses, fifteen minutes later, Roger was dead.



There was nothing to keep me in Spain now ... I hired a car and headed for the South of France ...



FIRST SAUNTER... AND NOW ROGER, MY GUESS IS THEY WERE RUNNED OUT BY THE SAME GUY... MY MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. LET'S HOPE I CAN GET TO CHALMERS IN TIME!

Careful inquiries led me to an old farm house....



Geuten has kept me alive ... but I needn't have bothered this time. The place was deserted.



SO MY STRANGERS GOT CHALMERS, TOO! LOOKS AS IF HE HAD TO FIGHT TO GET HIM THOUGH!

I was on my way out when I sensed some disturbed dust ...



CHALMERS MUST HAVE HAD TIME TO LEAVE THIS MESSAGE. GUYS I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE VILLA BALOUSE.

It was not difficult to find the place ... the French peasants in the fields were very helpful.







Just in time I span round... the guy had big feet... I twisted one of them....

He was all violence... and I moved in



I had to work fast before more goons came on the scene....

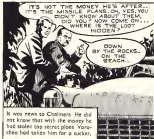


YOU MUST BE CHALMERS... YOUR TWO BUDDIES ARE DEAD... START TALKING OR YOU WILL BE!

VOROCHEE, THE SNAKE THAT HIRED US TO ROB THAT AIRCRAFT FACTORY... HE LEFT ME LIKE THIS!



I SUPPOSE IT WAS FOOLISH TO DOUBLE CROSS VOROCHEE... WE WENT AHEAD WITH THE PLAN TWO DAYS EARLY. VOROCHEE FORCED ME TO TELL HIM WHERE I HID THE MONEY...



IT'S NOT THE MONEY HE'S AFTER... IT'S THE MISSILE PLANS. OH, YES, YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THEM, DID YOU? NOW COME ON... WHERE IS THE LOOT HIDDEN?

DOWN BY THE ROCKS, ON THE BEACH...

It was news to Chalmers. He did not know that with the money he had stolen top secret plans. Vorochee had taken him for a sucker.

It was hot. Before we started I changed into an Alpaca suit.



Sure — enough, the tall stranger was on the beach when we got there. . .



I knew my killer from Hamburg and Vorosheo were the same man when I saw the bandage around the guy's wrist.



I was about to move in — when . . .



Vorosheo heard us and acted quickly.



I took aim. . .





MY NAME IS

# NICK ACE



NICK ACE GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS ASSISTANT.

MY JOB IS CRIME—REPORTING CRIME. ALTHOUGH MOST OF MY LIFE IS SPENT IN THE BLACK HAUNTS OF THE UNDERWORLD, UNCOVERING THE FORCES OF EVIL, I ALSO REPORT THE FACTS OF THOSE ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER.

**I**T was a cold February morning when I climbed the stairs to my London office. . . . I quickened my pace as I heard the phone ringing.

"Hallo, Nick Ace here. . . . Yes. . . . Sure. . . . Thanks a lot!"

The call had come from the Chief Constable of a popular seaside resort inviting me to spend a day with him.

This was a good opportunity for me to see the actual workings of a top-rate force in action. . . . My chief assistant was busy typing in the outer office. . . . I gave him the news and where I could be contacted. . . .

Five minutes later I was heading my 31-hp Jaguar southwards.

At this time of year the roads could be dangerous, but within the hour I was easing my car into the parking space reserved for special visitors. . . .

"Hallo, Nick." The Chief Constable extended a welcome hand to me as I

entered the modern glass and concrete building.

"I expect you'd like a nice hot cup of tea before we start."

"I sure would," I grinned.

I followed the chief into a carpeted staff canteen and was introduced to the Inspector who was to be my guide on the tour of inspection.

"This is a fine place, Inspector," I said.

"Yes," he smiled. "One of the most modern in the country, but we still keep a few relics of the bad old days. Let me show you!"

As I followed the Inspector he told me he had been in the force since a lad, and I could well understand his pride in such a fine career. . . .

## A CAT FOR A HORSE

**I**N the library records room the Inspector showed me a large leather-bound volume. . . .

"This book goes back to the last century," the Inspector told me. "Here is a case of a man stealing a horse in 1904. . . . he was convicted and received nine strokes of the cat-o-nine tails."

"That was rather a severe sentence?" I queried.

"I agree," he answered, "but sentences were very, very stern in those days."

The Inspector proved his point by showing me another case where an elderly lady was sentenced to nine months imprisonment for stealing soap. . . .



THE INSPECTOR SHOWS NICK AGE THE INTERIOR OF THE HIGHLY ORGANISED MOBILE POLICE STATION.

#### A POLICE STATION ON WHEELS

AS I reflected on the past, I glanced out of the window. "What is that large van outside, Inspector?" I asked.

"That's our Mobile Police Station," he answered. "It's fully equipped to deal with any emergency."

"May I see it?"

I eagerly followed the Inspector to the van below, as he told me that they were the first to pioneer this method, which had now been adopted by many other districts.

I was more than impressed as the Inspector allowed me a closer look at the equipment inside the highly organised interior of the Mobile Police Unit.

I was particularly impressed with a compact rubber dinghy with its high-powered outboard engine. The apparatus is used for all manner of sea rescue

work, and many people who have been in difficulties in the sea owe their lives to the men and crew of the Police Sea Rescue Unit.

#### PIERCE, LOVING DOGS

TURNING from the large mobile police station, the Inspector pointed to a smaller van. . . . "This," he explained, "is our emergency dog patrol car. If we receive a special call for assistance, we immediately rush the dog and its handler to the scene. . . ."

"Each dog has its own special handler?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," the Inspector answered. . . . "The dogs are specially trained for police work and are extremely strong and fierce. They can quite easily attack a criminal, and render him helpless in a matter of seconds. . . ."

The Inspector went on to tell me that, in their handlers' hands, these

strong dogs become docile and loving pets and spend a lot of time in the constables' own homes, making friends with his family and children. . . .

#### HIGHLY SECRET

THE Inspector then asked if I would like to inspect their crime lab. This was of special interest to me and I eagerly accepted.

The Inspector introduced me to the crime lab assistant and suggested that he called back for me in about an hour, while I was shown around.

"Come this way," the white-coated lab man smiled. "I must impress upon you that the scientific equipment you are about to see is highly secret and should not be discussed in public."

"I understand," I answered.

I was then shown such amazing equipment used in the detection of crime, that it became quite clear to me why the criminal doesn't stand a chance of evading the law when he turns to crime.

A HANDLER WITH HIS DOG—THE CONSTABLE IS SEEN WEARING HIS SHORT WAVE RADIO EQUIPMENT.



Science has made it almost impossible for the criminal to operate with success in these modern days. . . .



THE CHIEF ASSISTANT  
IN THE POLICE CRIME  
LAB.

#### THE MAN WHO PAID WITH SIXPENCES

LATER I was privileged to witness an actual piece of detection. . . .

The day before, an amusement arcade on the sea front had been robbed, the thief had smashed and taken the money from the machines. . . . The police had been called in to investigate and had been able to get some good sets of fingerprints of the thief. They were checked at the station, but there were no records of corresponding prints in the files. . . . They were immediately sent to London, but within the hour Scotland Yard reported that they also had no record of identical prints. . . .

Obviously this was the work of someone without any previous criminal record. At this stage it looked as though it could develop into a long drawn-out case.

Then the police had a stroke of luck.

While I was there, a phone call had come through from a local coffee bar. The owner had become suspicious of a customer who was paying his bill with sixpences. . . . Within seconds a squad car arrived, but the man had already left the coffee bar.

The owner of the coffee bar explained to the squad man that the man was a regular customer of his but he knew that he was unemployed. Suspecting something strange when he paid a large bill, amounting to twenty-

five shillings, in sixpences, he immediately called in the police.

A glass used by the suspect in the coffee bar was rushed to the crime lab. and checked for prints. These matched perfectly with those of the sets taken from the arcade. This was proof that the thief and the man who paid his bill in sixpences were one of the same.

I learned later that the man was arrested and charged. . . .

At first he denied knowledge of the theft, but after close examination he finally admitted to the crime.

The thorough and swift piece of detection, which had only taken a matter of hours, is typical of the efficiency of the modern force.

#### HABITS OF THE CRIMINAL

I WAS then shown the police filing system. . . . this amazing department can trace a criminal who has a previous record within seconds. . . .

I was given a brief description of how this works. If a man is charged with a crime, every detail about him is recorded—his method of crime—his



A CLOSE-UP OF  
VITAL EVIDENCE.

crime clothes, speech, identification marks, description, peculiarities, in fact, everything one can imagine.

All this information is stored away under separate headings. . . . If a man speaks with a stutter he is filed away under 'criminals with speech defects'.

NICE IS SHOWN SOME EVIDENCE IN THE  
CASE OF "THE MAN WHO PAID WITH  
SIXPENCES".





TWO CONSTABLES AT WORK ON THE CONTROL UNIT OF THE RADIO ROOM.

If he has a scar, this is filed away under 'criminals with scars'; if he only commits crimes of theft, he is filed away under 'criminals who specialise in robberies'.

One single criminal may have up to twenty separate filing cards.

I was given a true example of how this marvellous system works in practice.

A report had come in from a house-owner saying he had seen a man breaking into a nearby house by climbing up the outside drainpipe at 5.30 that morning.

Before the police arrived the man had disappeared without a clue . . . Back at the station the police filing system went into immediate action. . . All records of criminals who used the method of climbing drainpipes were checked, also housebreakers who committed their offences early in the morning.

From the two files came the name

of one criminal who used these two particular methods. . . .

The man's name was checked and a complete dossier was made. It appeared that the man had just recently been released from prison after serving a sentence for housebreaking . . . Police were sent to his address and the criminal was brought in for questioning and later he confessed to the crime.

#### MODERN ELECTRONICS

ONCE again I was joined by the Inspector. "How are you enjoying your visit, Nick?" he asked. — Before I could reply he offered to show me the radio control system.

This marvellous piece of electronics is designed to handle with speed all emergency calls, and within seconds can direct patrolling squad cars to any given point. . . Directly in front of the control panel is a large detailed map of the district of the constabulary. All cars on patrol are plainly indicated, and

complicated movements of all traffic are seen in one clear pattern on this map. . . .

#### A VERY TRUE SAYING

UNFORTUNATELY, my visit was drawing to an end, and after giving my thanks to the Chief Constable and his men I once again slipped into my car and pointed it northwards to London.

As I listened to the high-powered purr of its engine I reflected on my exciting day . . . When a man turns to crime he pits himself against an army of dedicated men. And highly scientific methods. A criminal cannot win and never does. . . . And the truth of an old saying became clear to me. 'Crime doesn't pay.'

After seeing these men in action I knew why crime doesn't pay, and why it never will.

NICK, AGE TAKES A LAST LOOK.



# THE ROARING TWENTIES

BY A. C. TODD

## THE MOBSTER

**K**INGSLEY DUKE, alias King Duke, was a big man, in every way. He was over six feet tall, big in stature and big in ideas.

King Duke was big in other things, too. He was a top racketeer. The boss in hoodluming, the big cat of the underworld, King could fix anything.

But even with all these activities, King was not satisfied. He wanted to expand, so he set out to wrestle for the night life of New York, determined that anyone who got in his way would be erased from the voters' list . . . with a bullet.

Yes, King Duke was big, but so was Gotham, and look what happened to him.





THE Charleston Club was considered by most top people of the Twenties to be the best night club in New York. The same people also reckoned Pinky, the petite blonde singer at the Charleston, as the greatest singer of her day. So it was natural that with a good name and a great singer, the Charleston was packed to the roof every night. What was not so natural was to see a mobster like King Duke in the club, but he was there and taking note of everything that went on.

He leaned back against the main bar, studying the layout.

"If I pulled out that stage, there would be room for a coquette table," he thought. "Yea, then Pinky could do her act on the table between games."

The thought pleased him. His face broke into a sneer he called a smile. "That would sure pull in the suckers."

He turned from his study of the club. "Where's the manager, Bud?"

The barman looked up into the coldest pair of eyes he had ever seen. It was like looking into a block of ice. A shiver ran down his back. Nervously he pointed across the room.

"He's over there, Mr. Duke. See, he's sitting with Pat Garrison, the columnist of the *Record*."

Duke's eyes followed the direction of the barman's shaking finger. Then, pushing himself from the bar, he sauntered across the room.

Taps Valentine, the manager, looked up as King approached. He nudged Garrison. "Look what's coming, Pat, isn't it about time you newspaper man called this cheap crook?"

There was no time for Pat to answer the cryptic question. Duke had arrived.

He pulled up a chair and made himself comfortable. To the customer he looked like someone who had joined two old buddies for a chat.

"Beat it, Butter." The order was directed at Garrison.

"Beat it yourself!"

For a split second it looked as if Duke was going to drive one of his great fists into Pat's face. Instead he leaned over the table and looked Pat straight in the eyes.

"Listen, newspaper." His voice was soft and menacing. "If you're not out of here in one minute, *The New York Record* is going to need a new gossip columnist."

Pat smiled. A slow, steady smile. This was not the first time he had been threatened, and it would not be the last.

"Bigger man than you have tried the same thing, Duke," he answered.

For a full minute they sat and faced each other. The atmosphere was electric. Like a hot summer's day just before a storm.

The club had suddenly gone quiet. Everyone in the room sensed the trouble brewing. They held their breath. To the out-of-town visitor this was a moment of excitement. He might see his first killing, but to the man who lived all his life in New York, it was sickening that thugs like Duke could roam the streets.

Taps began to grow nervous. Although Pat was a big boy and could take care of himself, Duke was not the type of man that you crossed without taking your life in your hands.

Any second now something was going to happen.

Suddenly King rose. Although he was a big man, he moved lightly and quickly.

"Okay, Garrison. If you're not out of New York in an hour, you won't live to see dawn tomorrow. As for you, Valentine," he turned to face Taps. "I was going to buy this place at a fair price. But now, last now I'm going to bust you wide open. You're finished."

Without another word, Duke turned on his heels and marched from the club.

As he disappeared up the stairs to the street, Taps let go a low whistle.

"You've done it now, Pat. But I don't see why."

"Well," Garrison took a smoke from his case. "Well, you asked why we newspaper men treat called Duke. The answer is that we've never had the chance before. Duke always gets someone else to do his dirty work for him. But now, well he's so mad that he might just try and handle me himself."

"And if he doesn't . . . what then?" Pat smiled grimly. "*The New York Record* will need a new columnist," he answered.

There was no time for further chat. The club's lights lowered and the band struck up a swinging cha-cha.

The crowd roared and Pinky, dressed as a college boy, danced on to the cleared space in front of the band. Everyone had forgotten the drama of a few minutes ago. That is everyone but Pat and Duke.

It was not hard to see why Pinky was such an attraction. She was small, blonde, petite and vivacious. She sang with a squeaky, husky voice that made the words of the song come to life.

As she finished her number, the crowd rose, yelling for more.

Garrison stubbed out his smoke, climbed from his seat and, with a nod to Taps, headed for the stairs that led to the street.

It was great to watch Pinky, but

GARRISON FLUNG HIMSELF BACKWARDS THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR.





THE THREE MEN SET ON, TAKING NO NOTICE OF THE CROWD.

sitting in the Charleston would not write tomorrow's article. As he climbed the stairs he decided to head up town to the D.A.'s office. You never knew, something that would shock, amuse or excite the *Record's* readers may have taken place. If so, the D.A.'s was the place to hear about it.

Stepping from the club Garrison surveyed the busy scene around him. Although this was Mission Twenty-Five, and a lot of people were out of work, there was no mistaking the general air of prosperity.

He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his cigarette case. As he lowered his head to light the smoke against the strong breeze, a .44 slug whistled over the top of him, flattening itself against the concrete wall behind. That smoke had saved his life.

Before a second shot could be fired, Garrison flung himself backwards through the glass door of the Charleston club.

The shatter and crash of glass thrashed through the club, but he thrown himself back so hard that he tumbled head over heels down the stairs, finishing up in an untidy heap at the bottom.

"Pat." The name was screamed out across the club. The crowd slowly watched the heap on the floor. Slowly it unrolled itself.

Breaking from his position of frozen horror, Pinky raced towards the newspaper man.

Garrison rose to his feet, plucking splinters of glass from his coat. "It's alright, Pinky. Just an accident."

"An accident? What about the shot?"

Pat laughed as if he meant it. "Shot? It was a car backfiring. Now, I really must be off."

With a wave of his hand Pat was gone before Pinky could ask any more questions.

This time he made his exit from the club with a lot more care. Then when he was satisfied that the coast was clear, he cut across the road to a taxi.

"Where to, Bud?"

"The *Record*."

Pat climbed in and settled back in the seat. "You've taken your first shot, Duke," he thought. "Now it's my turn."

THE drug store on the corner of Tenth and Main looked like any drug store from the outside. In fact it looked like any other from the inside, too.

Facing the door was a long counter, which at this time of night was full of college kids in their midnight fur coats. Opposite the counter were half a dozen booths where the older members of the coffee bar crowd took their girls.

The end booth was occupied by just another couple. In front of them were two cups of coffee. But unlike the rest, they sat in silence. Now and again different people would try and join them. It was noticeable that if they did not have blue coffee cups they were turned away.

Another thing that seemed all wrong was the fact that although some eight or nine people joined the couple none of them seemed to leave.

Now it is true to say that things were overcrowded in these days, but no one could argue that eight people could get into one side of a booth.

Now if they had been a copper, and if you had been supported by half a dozen more cops, you might have tried to sit in that booth. You would have

found that the wall at the end of the seat was not a wall, but a door. And that on the other side of that door was a small room, which, when you first entered, would be in complete darkness. As the door to the drug store closed behind, the room would be flooded with light. Eyes sized up whoever entered.

If the eyes were satisfied, another door would open. You would step into a room. A large room full of life. People crowded everywhere. This was a gaming hall, a speakeasy.

It must have been about six in the morning. Most of the customers had stopped gambling an hour or so ago. But none of them would leave because there was a big game still going on. Instead they crowded around the table. Each played his favourite and would follow his cards as if they were their own.

The present pot was the biggest of the evening. Two of the five players had already dropped out of the game, and the other three bet on, taking no notice of the watching crowd.

The first to bet was Legs Smith. So called because he preferred to use his legs to get away from a killing rather than trust to a get-away car. With casual ease he pushed a thousand dollar bill into the middle.

Sorrowful Harry looked at his cards. The name Sorrowful derived from Harry's habit of crying all night over anyone he killed. But Harry never let his feelings interfere with his work. He bravely stood up to the tears and carried right on killing. Now he studied his cards. His eye filled with water, his lips shook, but his gambling partners did not bat an eyelid. Harry may give the impression that he was betting his

last dime, but they knew there was plenty more where that came from.

King Duke looked at his opponents, then with a careless smile tossed his cards on to the pick.

The betting went on for a few more rounds before Legs saw Sorrowful and found he had lost.

The dealer picked up the cards and started to deal a fresh game. Before Duke could pick up his new hand one of his men pushed his way through the crowd. He tapped Duke on the shoulder, then handed him a newspaper.

It was the first edition of the *Record*. Smack in the middle of the front page was an article headed "ALL THE KING'S HORSES."

Duke looked at it and started to read the copy.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty together again." As he read the article, Duke went white. He looked up scowling, then started to read again.

The article continued: "I'd recommend this nursery rhyme to a certain King among thieves, for not only are his soldiers lousy shots, they are going to find it pretty hard to fit their fallen idol together again if he carries on the way he's doing at the moment. Take my advice "King", if you want a job done well, do it yourself!"

Duke smashed the paper down on the table. He shot to his feet and charged across the room to a door marked Private.

The man following only just managed to get into the office before the door slammed shut.

"Okay, okay. If Garrison thinks he's going to make a fool of me he's got another think coming. If I don't do something before tomorrow I'll be known all over town as Humpty Dumpty. You!" Duke swung round on the man who had followed him into the office. "Get the cars round front and call the boys. We've got work to do."

THE Charleston was deserted. The last floor show had finished over an hour ago and the last customer had long gone outside, the man was just creeping over the New York sky-line. Long fingers of light splashed across the sidewalk.

The three black sedans pulled into the kerb. As they braked, the doors flew open and half a dozen men split on to the pavement. Each carried his



THE CHAIRS AND TABLES SPLINTERED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES AS THE MEN WENT TO WORK.

own instrument of destruction. Some had axes, others were loaded with four-teen-pound sledge hammers. And here and there was a sprinkling of crowbars and pickaxes.

One well directed kick splintered the door of the club.

The men quickly tumbled down the stairs into the main hall of the club. Following a pre-arranged plan they split into three groups. One set course for the private office, another headed back stage, whilst the third set to work on the club itself.

The flimsy tables and chairs splintered into thousands of pieces as the hammers and the axes crashed home. Bottles, bars, mirrors, handstands, counters, everything smashed to smithereens. It was the same story in the rest of the club. What had once been dressing rooms and offices were now a mass of firewood.

With their work finished, the men left the club as quickly as they had arrived.

As the men climbed back into the cars, Duke, who had waited outside, barked instructions. "The rest of you beat it. I'm going on to Garrison's alone."

THE shrill note of the telephone added to the general din of the *Record's* newsroom. Garrison reached across his desk and snatched the receiver off the hook. "Garrison."

"Pat. It's the D.A.'s office. Just had word from the constable on the beat that takes in the Charleston club. Someone's been working. The club's a wreck. Looks like your article was stirred up a horse's nest."

Pat grimaced. The last thing he had wanted was for Taps to get hurt in this argument with King Duke. His only consolation was that Taps was probably well insured. "Thanks for the news, Tom. Any idea what the D.A. has in mind?"

"Not much he can do, Pat. There's no evidence to prove that it's Duke's

work. Just thought I'd give you a tip. Be careful."

"Don't worry, Tom," Pat replied.

Pat put the receiver back on the hook and settled at his desk to try and figure Duke's next move. He soon gave up. Duke was a gangster, Pat was not.

Straitening his tie, Pat yelled his good mornings and set off home. Outside the President's office his usual taxi waited for him. He climbed into the back seat exhausted. He had not slept for over sixteen hours, and it was beginning to tell on him. "Take me home, Bill." A couple of beams' sleep and he would be fine again.

The taxi pulled up outside his apartment. Pat wearily climbed out, tossed the driver a bill and slowly walked across the pavement.

The lift to the eighth floor seemed to take ages. Finally it wheezed to a halt. Pat opened the doors and stepped into the passage. He reached into his pocket and dug out his keys. Selecting the one for his flat door, he inserted it, swung the door open and rolled into the room. His left hand pulled the door shut behind him, that's when he felt the crash of bone on his jaw.

Whether it was the way he was standing, or the fact that he was so relaxed that his body rode the punch, Pat never went down. Instead he slid along the wall of his room, sending his dressing table flying.

As he tried to pull himself together another hit crashed home high on his head. For a moment Pat was not sure whether there were one or two men making the attack.

He looked out blindly, feeling his fist sink home into someone's shoulder. The force of the blow recoiled up his arm. Another hit hit him, this time burying itself deep into his stomach.

The wind whistled from his body. He doubled up, stars floated before his eyes. A crackling blow to the side of the head sent him crashing to the floor. The fight had only lasted a second. Pat was out cold.

King looked down. "I won't kill you this time, Garrison," he muttered viciously. "I want everyone to know that when King Duke sets out to do something, he does it."

PAT was not sure if the floor was moving or whether it was him. He opened his eyes. The light striking the back of his eye sockets felt as if it was kicking him. He fought against the feeling of nausea that swept over him. Slowly, very slowly the floor stopped spinning. He pushed down his hands

and tried to lever himself from the floor. The first attempt was a dismal failure.

He rested, trying to gather what little strength he had left. Again he pushed himself up. This time he made it—just.

Grabbing for support, Pat staggered across the room, coming to a halt by the bathroom door. Pushing himself free he fell headlong into the bathroom. The fall took all his wind. He again pulled himself up, this time on the sink. Turning on the tap he thrust his head forward.

The cold water ran over the nape of his neck sending little shivers up and down his back. Slowly his mind stopped reeling. Pulling his head up he took a good, long look in the mirror. What he saw was not a pretty sight.

His left eyebrow was split from one end to the other, and the puffing of his lips, coupled with a nasty lump under the jaw, tended to give his face a loquacious look. He tenderly splashed the cold water on to his cuts and bruises. "I'd better get that eyebrow sewn so . . . looks as if it will need a couple of stitches." Pat turned away and staggered towards the kitchen. "I'll call the doc, then, send up some food while I'm waiting."

Four slices of ham and three eggs later, Pat felt human again. The doc had been and stitched the eyebrow and treated the other bruises as best he could.

Pat sat back in his armchair and lit a smoke. As he relaxed he turned the problem of Duke over in his mind.

"It's all very well trying to make Duke a laughing stock in my column, but that isn't going to nail him." He drew deep on the cigarette.

"I've got to get him cold, force him out into the open. If I can find some way of making him come after me in earnest, then things might happen."

Pat picked up the phone and dialled Shakey Williams. Shakey was an old boxer who had taken too many punches. In his day he had been number one contender for the World Middle-Weight title. But in a warm-up fight he took a terrible hammering that finished him for good. Now he was an underworld hanger-on.

A couple of times in the past Pat had saved Shakey from some of the young thugs who were on the edge of crime. It was the type of favour that Shakey did not forget, and if anyone knew the type of information that Pat was after, it would be Shakey.

The number Pat phoned was a down-town pool room where Shakey

made his headquarters.

"Shakey, this is Pat Garrison." He plainly heard the sharp intake of breath on the other end.

"What's up with you phoning me here. You're as hot as a flaming match." There was no mistaking the fear in Shakey's voice.

"Don't worry," answered Pat. "No one knows it's me. Listen, I want your help. Can you slip up and see me?"

The line was dead for so long that Pat thought Shakey had hung up on him. But finally a sigh of resignation indicated that the ex-boxer was still on the other end.

"Okay. I'll be up to see you in an hour." The line was dead.

For a while Pat sat smoking, thinking out the next move in his campaign against King Duke. With fifteen minutes to go to his meeting with Shakey, Pat rose from his chair, scribbled a note telling Shakey to wait, and then pulled on his coat.

It was possible that Duke was having Pat's place watched so Garrison decided to slip out for half an hour or so to draw the watchers away while Shakey arrived.

Pat walked down the long alley that connected the back of the apartment block with the street. Hailing a taxi, he told the driver to head for the Charleston Club.

Benny the Shadow, one of Duke's most trusted watchers, nudged the driver of his car. "Okay, Joe. Follow him."

The big black slid from the kerb into the stream of traffic going South. Garrison's taxi was two cars ahead of them, a nice comfortable distance for following.

The trip to the Charleston and back took just over forty minutes. Shakey was waiting for Pat when he returned. He shuffled to his feet as Pat entered the door, his once lean muscles now soft and flabby. He was not very tall, just over five nine, but the fat on his stomach made him look smaller.

Smiling, he offered Pat his hand. It only took a stranger a few seconds to work out why this once great boxer was called Shakey. When he talked his voice quivered, and every few seconds this once daring of the New York Fight Fraternity would shake his head as if he was dazed.

"Now what can I do for you, Mr. Garrison?" The words shook on every syllable.

Pat quickly explained the background of his fight with King Duke. Shakey nodded his head.



"OKAY! I'LL BE UP TO SEE YOU IN AN HOUR," WHEEZED SHAKY.

"I'd heard something of the sort. Um, I hope you know what you're doing." He paused, obviously turning over the next speech in his mind. Slowly he looked up. "But," he stammered at Pat, "but where do I come in? Don't get me wrong, Mr. Garrison," he continued hurriedly, "I'll do anything I can, but my fighting days are over. You don't want me as a bodyguard, do you?"

The last question was more a plea. It was obvious that Shaky was frightened stiff that this was why Pat had sent for him.

"No, Shaky, it's nothing like that. Listen. You're one of the few people in New York who knows everything

that's going on. This is because of who you are, people talk while you're around because they don't realize you're there. Now tell me, Shaky, I know King Duke gets his illegal liquor from Canada, but what I don't know is what route he takes and where it finishes up this side of the border."

As Pat talked, Shaky went a couple of shades paler than he normally was. "If I told you that, Mr. Garrison, and Duke found out, you'd be fishing me out of the East River tomorrow."

"Duke won't find out that you told me, Shaky. I've got a lot of friends in New York who could give me the information, but only you could do it without raising suspicion. What do you say?"

Shaky sat back. He was scared and he did not mind admitting it. But Garrison had never let him down before, and there was no reason to think he would let him down now. Finally he nodded his head in agreement.

"Okay, Mr. Garrison. What do you want to know?"

Pat rose, slapped Shaky on the back. "That's my boy. I knew I could depend on you." He walked across the room and opened the drawer of his desk and pulled out a large-scale map of New York and New Jersey.

Spreading the map on the table, Pat called Shaky over.

"First of all. Where does Duke have his warehouses?"

Shaky leaned over the map. "There are five altogether, Mr. Garrison. There, there." He quickly pointed out five different towns. Pat marked them.

"Right, we'll number them one to five. Now, what routes does he use to run the liquor from Canada to these warehouses?"

Quickly Shaky indicated three routes to each warehouse. Now the map was covered with blue crosses and thin lines.

Pat studied the map while Shaky poured himself a tall long drink. "Tell me, Mr. Garrison. If you've asked me where Duke takes the stuff you obviously want to know when he takes it."

Shaky turned and faced Pat.

"That's the real information you want from me, isn't it?"

Pat smiled. "Shaky may seem a dope," he thought, "but he's still got his wits about him."

Pat put down the map and drew up a chair. "Listen, Shaky," he said. "The reason no one's ever been able to get King Duke away is because he's always had a gang to do his dirty work. Now if we can get rid of that gang, or at

least a large part of it, King will have to take a hand himself, or go under. The only way to do this is to finger the gang while it's working. That's where you come in."

Shaky shuffled uncomfortably. "Well, Mr. Garrison. I'd like to help, but I can't come running to you every time King ships a consignment. I'd be tangled in no time."

Pat lit a smoke. "You like to play the horses, don't you, Shaky?"

Shaky looked puzzled at the sudden change of subject. "Yes, Mr. Garrison," he said.

"What hockie do you use?"

Again Shaky looked bewildered. "Tony Gariboldy," he replied.

Pat smiled. "Good, Tony owes me a couple of favors. All you have to do, Shaky, is this. When you hear that King is sending a consignment through, you phone Tony a simple three-dollar bet. If King is going to use the third warehouse and the second route, you place three dollars on number two horse in the third race. That's all you have to do. Tony will pass your bet on to me, and I'll print the information. That way I'll get a scoop and so will the police."

For a few minutes Shaky turned things over in his mind. Slowly his brows and worried face split into a huge grin. "That's smart, Mr. Garrison, real smart. People'll just think I'm phoning in a bet." His voice rose to a shrill quiver. "I'll do it."

PAT raised himself back in his office chair. It had been a fortnight since he had had the meeting with Shaky. Everything had gone the way he said it would. Three times Shaky had made a three-dollar bet and three times Pat had been able to tip the police off in his column. By now King was getting desperate. His buyers had threatened to go to another supplier if he did not come up with some goods shortly.

Pat swung his feet on to his desk. He lit a smoke. "Well," he thought, "King should be making his move very shortly. He can't let things go on the way they are."

The shrill note of the telephone cut across the general noise of the office. Pat leaned forward and picked up the receiver.

"Garrison."

"Mr. Garrison."

Garrison whipped his feet from his desk. The caller was Shaky Williams. "Whats up, Shaky?"

"Had to take a chance and phone you myself, Mr. Garrison. It's King

Duke. He's bringing a load of liquor over himself."

Pat felt like jumping with joy. This is what he had planned for. Now was the opportunity to catch King in the act.

"Which warehouse, Shaky?"

"That's something I don't know, Mr. Garrison. King's kept that a closely guarded secret."

"Ost!" Pat spat out the word like a bullet being shot from a gun. "What was the use of forcing King to do his own dirty work," he thought, "if you did not know where he was going to do it?"

"That rather cuts that then, doesn't it, Shaky?"

"That's aren't as bad as they seem, Mr. Garrison. I've got the number of the lorry he's using."

Five minutes later Pat was being ushered into the D.A.'s office. He sat himself down on the desk.

"Well, Garrison. What tit-bit of underworld news have you got for me now?"

Pat quickly explained the position.

"You." The D.A. leapt to his feet. "Right, liddle. I'll have an all-points broadcast. As soon as King Duke drives that lorry over the Canadian border, we'll know about it."

"Fine. Now while we're waiting, I'll slip back to my apartment and get into something more in keeping with the occasion."

"MR. Garrison."

Pat stopped in the process of re-entering the D.A.'s office. He had only been gone half an hour and was now dressed ready for action.

He turned to face the D.A.'s secretary. "Yes?"

"The District Attorney had to go out. He left a message to say that a report had come in on the lorry. It's been sighted out on Highway Nine."

For a second Pat thought he was going to blow his top. He had risked his neck for the last few weeks in an effort to pin King Duke, now the D.A. was trying to stop him from finishing off the story.

"Why the dirty . . ." Pat stopped. A smile spread slowly across his face. "You did say Highway Nine?"

Before the girl could answer Pat was out of the door.

Reaching his car he yanked open the glove compartment and pulled out a map of New York and New Jersey. Quickly his finger picked out Highway Nine. It was one of the routes to Warehouse Five, that Shaky had pho-

pointed for him.

Throwing the map back into the car, Pat jumped in behind the wheel and screamed off. "Warehouse Five, here I come."

Warehouse Five was situated in a quiet part of the State of New Jersey. If you were not looking for it you could easily pass it by as it was screened from the highway by a small wood.

As Pat approached the cut-off to the warehouse he switched off his lights. Turning down the hungry road he headed towards the low building in the background. At the last moment he swung the car from the track into the wood. He decided to go the rest of the way on foot.

Pat crept silently forward. He felt that it was more than likely that King had already been picked up by the police, but there was a chance that he had slipped through the net. If so, by Pat's rough reckoning he would arrive here in the next fifteen minutes.

The warehouse was in darkness. Not a soul in sight. Pat found himself a niche and settled to wait.

It was now after five in the morning and soon the sun would be rising on another day. For the hundredth time he checked his watch. "King should have been here an hour ago," he thought, "if he doesn't arrive before dawn, I'll have to admit to myself that the police have already got him."

Pat moved his legs. The position he was in was uncomfortable to say the least. Impetuously he stubbed the cigarette. He dozed off.

Pat awoke with a start. A door had slammed nearby. He eased his head over the packing case and took a quick look towards the warehouse just in time to see a lorry disappearing through the haze down, King Duke had arrived.

As the doors swung shut behind the lorry, Pat moved from his hiding place. Sprinting across the open space that separated him from the warehouse, Pat prepared for action.

Reaching the cover of the building, the newspaper man slipped round the far corner. He had already chosen a window for his entry into the warehouse. Silently he crept forward. Grasping the bottom of the window, he eased it open. Seconds later he was inside.

Sufficient light from inside the warehouse showed Pat that he had entered some type of office. He crossed the room, taking care not to knock anything over. Reaching the office door he quietly opened it and looked out.

The lorry was parked in the middle

of the warehouse floor. As Pat watched he saw King Duke unloading the cargo. He was by himself.

Pat stepped from the office on to the stairs leading down to the warehouse floor. "What kept you, King?"

King swung round, dropping the case of whisky from his hands. "Garrison!"

Pat smiled. "Surprised?"

"Surprised, but happy," replied Duke. His hand moved inside his jacket. But before his fingers could close round the butt of the gun resting under his arm, Pat was on him.

The two men hit the floor with a resounding crash. Moving with the speed of a panther, Garrison rolled clear and swept to his feet. But King was not to be outdone. From his prone position he lashed out with his right leg, catching Pat high on the head.

The newspaper man reeled back, desperately clawing for a hand hold, but his outstretched fingers only clutched air.

Duke was on his feet, going after the dazed reporter for all his worth. Two short vicious blows cracked home to Garrison's body. He felt as if he was being hit by a steam hammer. Desperately he threw a right swing. His arm shook with the jolt of the fist striking home. Duke staggered back, now it was Pat's turn to attack.

A left to the stomach followed by a right to the jaw sent the mobster flying backwards. He crashed into the stack of whisky cases, scattering them to the four corners of the warehouse.

With the smell of victory in his nostrils, Pat went after his man with grim determination. The years of easy living were taking their toll of the gangster. Two more lefts and a right cross finished the fight. It was all over.

Pat staggered back, admiring his handiwork. Duke was out cold. The only thing needed now was the police.

THE Charlton Club was packed as usual. Taps had done a great job of refurbishing the place since King's boys did their work. On stage Pinky was singing one of her favourite numbers and the crowd were loving it.

Pat and Taps lifted their glasses. "Well, Shaky," said Pat, "how does it feel to be a hero?"

Shaky smiled shyly. "Aw, Mr. Garrison, I didn't do nothing. And in a way I'm sorry to see old King Duke in prison. I was making a fortune on the horses, through those bets I made to tell you when King was shipping his contraband. I never had a loser!"

Pat smiled. "And neither did I."



# CHARLIE CHAN

"WHERE there's a will . . ." is the strange name that Charlie Chan gave to one of his most baffling cases. It started when he was invited to spend the weekend at the family chateau of the Count De Leave, with the Count and his family. Charlie gladly accepted, and on the Thursday night he and his number one son packed their bags and left their Paris hotel . . .









A FEW MINUTES LATER



MONSIEUR CHAN!  
YOUR SON!

WHAT... WAIT HERE  
I INVESTIGATE!

CHLOROFORM!  
BUT WHY?

MY GOODNESS, THE  
COUNT!

CHARLIE DASHED  
BACK TO THE  
BEDROOM.

WHAT'S  
UP?

THE COUNT'S  
DEAD! GIRL, DID YOU  
HEAR ANYTHING... A  
SHOT PERHAPS?

NOTHING,  
MONSIEUR ONLY A  
POP!

WELL, OUR GUNMAN USED A  
SILENCER AND SHOT THE COUNT FROM  
THIS WINDOW...

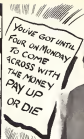


YOU FOOL!  
MY UNCLE IS SHOT  
RIGHT UNDER YOUR  
NOSE!

POP! LOOK WHAT  
I'VE GOT... SAY WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

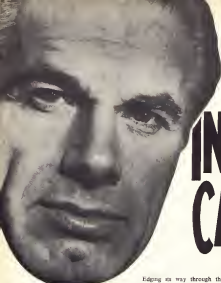


I TRICKED  
BY CLEVER MAN...  
BUT THIS RUSE WILL BE  
HIS UNDOING, FOR  
THE DOOR, SON,  
I WILL EXPLAIN.









4 men exactly alike.

The fifth was

## THE ODD MAN OUT

this is one of Inspector Duval's  
strangest cases from . . .

# INTERPOL CALLING

AT this time of the day Beirut was pretty deserted, the sun was hot and, according to the song, only mad dogs and Englishmen went out in it. But one other type of person, or five persons to be exact, found the warm sun tempting. Admittedly they were Europeans and it is also true to say they were under cover, but nevertheless, they were out and about. The people in question were five men, their cover, a large black American one.

To the casual observer the appearance of four of the men would have seemed slightly ridiculous, for they all looked exactly alike. Each man wore a light blue suit, white shirt and blue tie. They all had short cropped blond hair and pale blue eyes.

Against them, the driver, the fifth man, stood out like a lighthouse in the dark. His suit was grey, and so was his shirt and tie. He had long brown hair and deep black eyes.

Edging its way through the little traffic still on the street, the car pulled into the kerb beside the Bank of Sadi-sian. As it halted, the four men in blue climbed out. Now the resemblance was still more striking. Each stood about six foot tall, weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds and to finish it off, they each carried a hold-all.

They crossed the pavement in long easy strides and pushed open the small side door beside the main entrance to the bank. With perfect co-ordination, they stepped through the door into the inner foyer.

As they closed the door behind them an armed bank guard stepped forward.

"I'm sorry, Gentlemen. But the bank is closed."

The four young men looked at one another. Then one of them stepped forward as if to shake the guard by the hand. At the last moment his fist clenched and drove into the guard's stomach.

With a soft whistle of air, the guard folded up. As his hand came forward, the young man chopped down a vicious clabbing left. The guard fell.

Without as much as a backward look, the four men entered the main hall of the bank.

The bank clerks looked up, surprised that the front door guard had not stopped any more customers from entering. The four men flanked out. Two took up positions on either side of the doorway, at the same time handing their hold-alls to the other two members of the gang.

A teller leaned over the long wooden counter towards the two men. "I'm sorry, but the bank is closed."

Without saying a word, one of the two men pushed a piece of paper across the counter. For a minute the teller stood still, uncertain what to do, then looking down, he slowly unfolded the paper.

The note was crudely made up of odd words cut from old newspapers, but there was nothing crude about the message. It was simple and straightforward. "This is a bold up. Fill these bags."

There was something about these men that said 'do exactly as you're told'.

Feeling something was wrong, the other clerks and tellers looked up. As the full significance of what was happening sank in, the bank went quiet. Every eye turned towards the four men. They did not seem to be armed. Perhaps it was a bluff. One teller, braver than the rest, decided to put the bandits to the test. He stretched out his arm towards the alarm button.

One of the men by the door looked up, he lifted his arm, as if calling for silence, but as he brought it down, a thin silver knife flashed through the air.

Vainly the clerk stretched his fingers to press the button, but the blade of the knife had pinned his coat to the counter as effectively as if it had been nailed there.

Calmly the four men went about their business. When the hold-ups were filed they backed towards the door.

Perhaps it was the unusual quietness, or perhaps some sixth sense, that made one of the guards look out of the manager's office. Whatever it was, the guard quickly sized up the situation, and drawing his M, started blazing away at the four men. One of them crumpled, the others swooped down, snatched up their wounded comrade and made for the door. The guard gave chase, but as he stepped into the lower foyer he crashed over the unconscious form of the front door guard.

By the time he had regained his feet, the big black American car was screaming down the road leaving a trail of dust.

**I**NSPECTOR DUVAL always enjoyed his morning walk along the left bank of the River Seine. The spring air, the birds and the sun added a freshening to life, and they more than made up for the tougher parts of his job at the European Headquarters of Interpol, the international police organisation.

Duval entered his office whistling. Taking off his hat, he skimmed it towards the hat stand. "Good morning, Mornay."

The Inspector's chief assistant looked up. "Morning, Inspector. We've just had a report from Beirut. The blond knife gang have been up to their tricks again."

Duval frowned. This was a bad way to start a morning. "Same method as before?"

"That's right, Inspector. Only this time one of them was injured. The Lebanon police have asked for Interpol's help. I've booked you a seat on

the next plane to Beirut. You leave the airport at ten."

Duval nodded. This was the fifth robbery by this particular gang, and up to now they had always made their escape unscathed, and a lot wealthier. Giving Mornay instructions to bring out the file on the gang, Duval made his personal arrangements for his journey.

Mornay returned to the office, under his arm he carried a large folder. Duval reached out, took the folder, and waved Mornay to a seat. For a moment the Inspector studied the file in silence.

"This makes their fifth job, Mornay. First, Mexico, then Sydney, Austria, Paris and now Beirut. All carefully planned and brilliantly executed."

Mornay nodded, the blond bandits, as the gang had now become to be called, had developed a near military precision in their raids.

Duval sat back, thinking over the information in front of him. On the Paris raid, the gang's plans had been upset by one of those lightning demonstrations that was the plague of the city. According to a newspaper seller, the gang had parked round the corner from the bank they were going to raid for over four hours, waiting for the demonstration to pass. In this time, the blond men took turns at going for short walks to stretch their legs, but, and this was the part that interested Duval, the driver had not moved from his seat the whole of the time.

"WHY? WHY?" Duval smiled to himself. He could not remember how many times he had asked himself the same question. And each time he had had to give it up. There did not seem any logical reason for the driver's laziness, but even so, Duval had always felt that this was a vital clue.

**"W**ELCOME to Beirut, Inspector."

The speaker was a tall swarthy captain in the Lebanese police.

Duval stepped from the Air France Curtiss that had brought him from Paris. He shook the Captain's hand. "Captain Hachez?"

"That's right, Inspector." He took Duval by the arm and led him across the tarmac. "I have a car waiting, I'll fill you in on the latest developments while we're driving along."

Duval settled back into the soft leather seats of the car. "Well, Captain, what news have you to tell me?"

Hachez smiled. "You don't want time, eh, Inspector? This is the position. My men have sealed the border, no one with a wound in his left shoulder

has been allowed to leave the country. So our hands are still somewhere in the Lebanon. We have circulated all hospitals that anyone reporting with a gunshot wound is to be detained. Lastly, we found the car used in the raid. It had been stolen and there were blood stains on the back seat. My lab boys are checking them now."

"You've been very busy, Captain. Now I think that the first thing I'd like to do is take a look at this car."

"Good, it is parked in the back courtyard of police headquarters."

Beirut's police headquarters is a large modern building in the middle of the city. The entrance for police cars is through an arch at the back of the station. Duval's car swung into the back courtyard and pulled up beside the American car that was used in the bank raid.

Duval inspected the exterior of the car, but finding nothing of interest he turned his attention to the interior. As Hachez had said, there was a pool of dried blood in the back of the car. It had spread across the deep pile carpet and seeped under the driver's seat.

It was while Duval was searching the front seat of the car that he noticed something out of the ordinary. The car had automatic transmission.

"What do you make of that, Captain?"

Hachez shrugged his shoulders. "How do you mean, Inspector?"

Duval pointed down into the car. "There's no clutch . . . Have you ever met a crook who would trust his getaway to a complicated piece of machinery like that? I haven't. All the crooks I've met would prefer a bicycle rather than a car with automatic transmission, they're too unreliable."

"So we have a crook who takes chances. I still don't see what you are trying to prove."

"Nor do I," replied Duval, "but of one thing I'm certain, this gang doesn't take chances. There's a very good reason for using this type of car and if we can find out why, then I think we'll have our first lead." Duval stepped back from the car and slammed the door shut. "I'd like to make a call to Paris, Captain. I want to see what type of car was used in the other raids."

While Duval waited for his call to Paris, Hachez went through the reports on his desk. As he flicked through the sheets of paper, he expertly sorted them into their different trays. Suddenly he stopped and passed a report to Duval. "What do you make of this,



Inspector?" he asked.

Dural ran his eyes over the report. "This is interesting, Captain. And I don't think it can be a coincidence. While I'm waiting for Paris to call, do you mind if I have a word with this hospital superintendent?"

"Go right ahead."

Dural picked up the phone and asked the operator for a number.

"Hello, Doctor Madrid? This is Inspector Dural, Interpol. It's about this report of a theft from your hospital of surgical knives. Could you tell us if they were the type that might be used in an operation to remove a bullet from a man's shoulder?"

Dural listened, occasionally nodding his head as he made notes.

"You say that it would need a doctor to know how to use these knives. In that case why do you say that the thief didn't know what he was taking?"

"Ah, I see. You found a torn book illustration of the knives stolen. Yes, it would suggest that the thief didn't know one knife from the other. Well, thank you, Superintendent."

Dural replaced the phone and turned to Haches. "Now we're getting somewhere, Captain. I'd like you to send some men round all the bookshops in town and find out if anyone has been buying a load of medical books in the past day."

Haches nodded, flicked the intercom switch and gave the necessary orders.

The shrill note of the telephone bell cut short any conversation.

"Paris for you, Inspector."

"Hello, Mornay. Listen, check all the cars used in the Blood Knife Gang's raids. And go through the files, I want to know the name of every crook with a knowledge of medicine. . . . Possibly someone who's been in the Army Medical Corps, or a doctor who has been struck off the list. . . . If I get any more information to go on I'll let you have it at once."

Haches looked up surprised. "So you think that the hospital theft and the bank raid are connected, Inspector?"

"Let's look at it this way, Captain. One of the gang has a bullet in him. Last night someone stole scalpels. It's too much of a coincidence. Well, we've got some waiting to do now, so let's get something to eat."

**L**UNCH was over before the first reports started to flow in from the policemen checking the bookshops. Most of the reports were negative, but one took Dural's eye.

A one-legged man had been buying

some books last night after the raid at Hache's bookshop. . . . Inspector Dural decided to follow this up himself. . . . Within seconds the Frenchman and Haches were on the move.

Hache's bookshop was on the far side of town, near the docks. This was the poorer district of the medical world. The students here were so hard up that they were more inclined to steal the books they needed than to buy them. It was on this type of business that Hache's was built. For he never prosecuted a student for theft, and they on their part always paid for their books when they had passed their exams and set up practice as doctors.

It was this unusual method of business that had made Hache take so much notice of the one-legged man. The man had come into the shop asking where he could buy certain types of scalpels. When told that scalpels were only sold to qualified doctors, the man got most annoyed and had started to swear in North African Arabic. Once he had calmed down, he purchased some books, paying from a wad of bills.

In answer to Dural's questions, Hache reckoned that the man had known exactly what books he was after.

Things were falling into place. If the one-legged man was a member of the blood knife gang then a lot of questions were answered. It would explain why the crooks always used cars that had automatic transmission, a one-legged man would not be able to use an ordinary car that had a clutch pedal as well as an accelerator and brake. Plus the fact that if he was also the medical man it would explain why he needed a book to illustrate the scalpels he wanted. He would have found it very hard to break into the hospital, so he must have sent one of the other members of the gang. All that Dural and Haches needed now was a photograph. And that would not be too hard to get.

Leaving Hache's, Dural and Haches raced across Brest to Police Headquarters. With the additional information that Dural now had, it would be possible for Mornay to find out the bandit's real name, providing, of course, that the crook had already been in trouble with the police.

**"M**ORNAY." Dural had put an emergency call through to Paris. "Our medical man may only have one leg."

Mornay whistled. "In that case, Inspector, I think I know our man, one second and I'll get his file."

Dural waited. A few seconds later Mornay returned. "Yes, here it is, Jean Morel. Ex-foreign legionnaire. He was a doctor, wounded at Dien Bien Phu, lost his right leg. Invalided from the army. Arrived in Paris for blood. Sentenced to four years' imprisonment, sentence cut to six months because of his war record."

"That sounds like our man, Mornay. Radio his photograph. Oh, and if he has any close friends who have not been seen lately, send their photographs, too."

**A**LLEN FRENCH was twelve. Unlike the average arab boy of twelve, Allen was a big boy for his age, his arms and legs were well muscled. Perhaps this was because he did a lot of swimming. His mother always told him that he should have been a fish, but all Allen would answer was that one day he was going to be a famous swimmer and swim in the Olympic games. So when Allen got the chance of a job as a beach boy he jumped at it. It did not pay much, but the experience was invaluable.

His hours of work were from six in the morning till ten at night. Now, as the sun was setting, Allen made his way home across the sands. He remembered how he used to play on these sands when he was a young boy, that was before he started work. He looked across the bay.

The long sandy beach curved to the far headland. There, tucked tight against the rocks, was the old wrecked army M.T.B. boat that he had had so much fun in a few years ago. His eyes took on a look of longing, it was good to be working, but sometimes it would be nice to have time to play again.

All sat down on the warm sand. Clamping his legs to his chest, he stared out towards the old boat. It was funny how the setting sun caught the water. It made it look as if there was a light on board the old boat.

**I**T was probably the cold that awoke him. The sun sets quickly in the tropics, and once it does the night soon gets chilly. As he opened his eyes he saw again the old M.T.B. boat. This time he knew that the light was not a reflection of a setting sun. "Who could it be?" The question raced round his brain.

Suddenly he felt colder than he had

ever done before. The old boat was evil. He felt sure of that. His imagination took over. "Perhaps it was some bad genie," The thought horrified him. Jumping to his feet he turned and raced across the sand towards Beirut.

Cutting through a small copse on the edge of the sands, Ali turned down the footpath that led to the poorer section of the city. It was then he spotted the tall man coming towards him. For some unknown reason he was very frightened.

The man stopped. As Ali neared, he shot out his arm to grab the boy. With a swerve that would have done credit to Stan Matthews, the boy swung past and tore on.

For a second the stranger stood undecided. "Had the kid seen something, or was he just scared of the dark?" There was no certain answer to the question. He could not take the chance. Turning swiftly he took off after the young boy.

For a while the boy held his own, maintaining a lead of a hundred yards, but gradually the man began to make up ground. Sensing his danger, Ali turned off the main path and took to the twisting, turning back alleys. Slowly they neared the busier section of the town. The stranger increased his pace. If he did not catch the kid very soon he would have missed his opportunity. The only thing to do was to use the knife. He shook his right arm and his hand filled with a long stiletto knife. Ali he would need now was a split second to take aim.

Still the boy twisted and turned. Each time the man prepared to throw, his target would disappear down another narrow path.

**T**HE police car cruised slowly through the deserted market. It was now dark and the streets were nearly empty.

Duval and Hasbes scanned the faces of the few people still about. Every face was compared with two photographs that had just been received over the radio from Paris.

It was Duval who first saw the young boy racing across the market square. Calling on the driver to halt, Duval climbed out. The way the European was chasing the boy suggested that the kid had been up to no good.

Hasbes joined Duval. If the boy had been stealing it was a job for the local police. As the European spotted the two policemen he raised his right arm as if to attract their attention. It was then that Duval saw the light from a



**DUVAL DREW OUT A PECULIAR SHAPED REVOLVER.**

nearby house reflected on the blade of a knife.

Without thinking he dived, hitting the boy low. The knife flashed over his head and skipped across the cobblestoned market square like a flat stone skimming across water.

Before Duval or Hasbes could recover from their surprise the man had gone, disappearing down one of the many alleys that ran from the square.

**A**LI was a hero. He was also dared. He had never seen so many policemen before and they were all heading towards the beach, led by that man Franchman.

With two armed men to keep him company, Ali took up position at the rear of the party. Now they had reached the edge of the copse that bordered on the beach. Across the bay the M.T.B. boat was in darkness.

Duval signalled his men forward to take up position so that no one could leave the beach without his permission. From his pocket he drew a peculiar shaped revolver. Pointing its large open barrel towards the sky, he pulled the trigger. There was a little cough, then

the night sky was lit up like day.

Immediately the police moved in on the boat, the hunt was over.

At the first sign of the police, four men stepped from the boat with their hands in the air.

With the prisoners under armed escort and the wounded man in the ambulance, Duval and Hasbes returned to the boat. The money from the bank was hidden under the engine stump, along with four blood wings and four pairs of blue contact lenses.

Hasbes shook his head. "I still don't see why they went to all this trouble to make themselves look alike."

Duval smiled. "It was a very simple reason really. They wanted to draw attention to themselves, so that no one would take any notice of the driver. They succeeded as well. They knew, and we've proved them right, that if anyone studied the driver and found out he only had one leg, then we'd soon be on to them."

With all the evidence under their arms the two policemen left the boat. The Lebanese government would bring the crooks to trial. It was back to Paris and another case for Duval.



# 77 SUNSET STRIP

## THE PAYOFF

BY TOD SULLIVAN

I T was just after nine when I turned into Sunset Strip and already the bright Californian sun was flooding the broad boulevard. It was one of those days when I wished that my old man had made a million so that I did not have to work, but unfortunately for me, it was a case of work or starve and I didn't feel much like starning.

Finishing my reflections on the unfairness of life, I eased my car into Dene's driveway. To my surprise, Koskie was already on the job. He marched across, the inevitable comb in his hand. I had often wondered if he had been born with a comb, or whether he had it grafted in while still a boy. Anyway, whatever it was, it was a well known fact that Koskie without his comb, was like a ham without eggs.

"Morning, Kookie. Who kicked you out of bed at this time in the morning?"

A slow smile spread across his face and the comb started to go to work on his quiff.

"I'll tell you something, Papa," he answered. "I've been stopping out the wee small hours at 'The Bold Eight', piling up the ZZZ after would have been a diving climax.

"Now," he continued, "if you'd like to step from bottom's down, I'll ease your drag into Parkville."

Never having had lessons in Kookie talk, I could only guess that he was offering to park my car, so I climbed out and roused him the keys. Next thing I knew, my tires were screaming like a stuck pig and the back of my lovely new Chev was disappearing in a cloud of dust.

Even at this early hour, the heat was already rising from the pavement, so I was mighty pleased to get into the coolness of my air-conditioned office. I slipped off my jacket, and hung it on the back of a chair. A stack of reports were piled high on my desk and each one had to be typed and filed.

I settled down with my feet up, and began to read my rough notes. The shape of the reports was just beginning to form in my mind when the door burst open.

One look at Roscoe's face and I felt sure that every bookmaker this side of New York was after his blood. The silence that followed his excited entry was only broken by the rattle of his cigar as it roared around his mouth.

"Sta," Roscoe spat my name between puffs of smoke.

"Sta," he repeated, "I'm in trouble."

My mind raced. If Roscoe said he was in trouble, then it was something serious.

"Okay, Roscoe," I said, "what's wrong? You know I'll do anything I can to help you."

"I knew I could count on you, Stu." He paused, then plucking his cigar from his mouth, he leant across the desk and looked straight at me.

"I must get out of town—and fast!" "Trouble with the bookies, eh?" I asked.

He looked puzzled. "Bookies? Don't be silly, Stu, it's far more serious than that. Listen. I've got a cousin named Rita, in Kansas, or at least she was in Kansas until yesterday, now she's on her way here. She wants to marry me!"

The statement was accompanied by a look of absolute horror. The sudden relief I felt and the expression on Roscoe's face made me roar with laughter.

"That's it," he yelled. "Laugh. But I don't see you rushing to a church."

"All right, Roscoe. What do you want me to do?"

"Just get me out of town for a few days. Isn't there some Eskimo that needs tanning, or hasn't some old woman lost her poodle? Anything will do, Stu," he pleaded. "Just get me out of the way until my cousin gets fed up with hanging around and goes back to Kansas."

"I'm sorry, Roscoe. But times are slack. In fact, as soon as I've typed these reports, I'm taking the rest of the day off and going sunbathing."

I could see he was really disappointed in me. As far as he was concerned, an old buddy was letting him down. He turned and walked towards the door. If anything, his cigar was now moving faster than when he came in. As he reached the door, he looked back.

"Okay. If that's the way it is, I guess there's nothing I can do. But I warn you, unless you call me before six, I'll be on the next plane to Alaska. No chance's going to get me down the side."

**"JUST GET ME OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS," ROSCOE SAID.**





The three of us went into a hotel. It was then that Jeff suggested I call Lieutenant Gilmore.

For a moment I sat racking my brains for some way to help, but there was nothing I could do. Work was slack and the office funds wouldn't stand wasteful expenditure.

I settled back with my reports, dismissing Roscoe and his problems from my mind. But this just wasn't the day for dead work.

Roscoe had only been gone a few minutes when the office intercom started buzzing away. I flicked up the lever to speak to Suzanne.

"What is it, Suzanne?"

"Someone to see you, Stu," she replied.

"Send them in."

Someone opened the door and entered in a tall well-built guy. His face seemed familiar, but for the life of me I could not place where I had seen him before. I waved him to a seat.

"What can I do for you?"

"I need your help, Mr. Bailey, and I need it fast. Perhaps I'd better start with my name. It's Kinsey, Jack Kinsey."

No wonder I had known the face. Jack Kinsey was an All American, in fact one of the best footballers ever to come from California.

"Well, Mr. Kinsey, what can Bailey and Spencer do for you?"

"Someone has threatened to kill me, Mr. Bailey, unless I throw the game against Anderson Town."

"Now hold on, Mr. Kinsey," I said. "What game?"

"I'm sorry," he replied, "I thought you would have known that we, that is Goldville, the team I play for, are playing Anderson Town next Saturday. I'd better fill you in on some other facts. In case you don't know, Anderson has not won a major football match for over three years, on the other hand we haven't lost one for the same period."

"So that makes Goldville a pretty hot favourite, eh?"

My question was obviously an understatement, for Kinsey gave me a look that said "square" in any language.

"That's about the size of it," he answered.

I settled back in my chair, filled my pipe and thought about Kinsey's story. The plot was not too difficult to work out. Some crook was trying to make a fast buck. By getting Kinsey to throw what was considered to be a dead cert win, a few thousand dollars on Anderson Town would pay big dividends.

I pulled myself back from my thoughts. "All right, Mr. Kinsey," I said, "if you agree to do what I tell you, I'll take the case."

"Anything you say, Mr. Bailey," he replied.

I got up from my desk and walked to the back door of my office. I wanted Kookie, and, as it was still only early morning, he should still be parking cars.

When I opened the back door, I could see Kookie across Dino's drive. Although he was still working, it was not on cars.

I gave him a call. With a quick wave to the salesman he was with, he came running.

"Kinsey, this is Kookie. He'll stay with you day and night 'til I call him off. Okay?"

"Okay with me, Mr. Bailey."

"Right," I replied. "Off you go."

Having fixed Kinsey with a bodyguard, my next job was to call Roscoe. If anyone was laying a lot of money on Anderson to win, Roscoe would be able to find out about it from his bookie friends.

The speed with which Roscoe answered my call proved how desperate he was to escape the attention of his cousin. I gave him a quick run-down on the case. "I should have known that somewhere in this town someone would be in trouble," he said. With a happy wave of his cigar he hurried off.

Now it was my turn to do some work. I slipped on my coat and left my office, first telling Suzanne where I was going and to inform my partner, Jeff Spencer, what was going on and to ask him to stay close to home in case I needed him.

Fetching my car from the car park, I headed for Goldville's ground to see if anyone else had been threatened and to have a word with Bill Hunter, the Goldville coach.

The Goldville stadium was situated on the outskirts of town, occupying a natural bowl between two hills. Swinging into the stadium's drive, I eased my car to the players' entrance.

Bill Hunter was a footballer of the old school. He had been coach for Goldville for the last four seasons and was considered the main reason for their long sequence of wins.

I had first met him a couple of years earlier when I cleared his younger brother of a robbery charge. We had never found the real thief, but that had not been my job.

As I entered his office, he rose from his desk with outstretched hand.

"Stu Bailey. To what do I owe this pleasure? Don't tell me, you're after a free seat in the stand for this week's match!"

"Not quite, Bill," I replied. "It's about Kinsey."

To my surprise, he already knew about it.

"It was me who sent him to you, Stu. After the way you helped my kid brother, I wouldn't dream of using anyone else."

"Tell me what happened, Bill?"

"Okay. Young Kinsey came to me yesterday looking like death. I asked him what was wrong, but all he said was that he wanted a rest and would I drop him from the game against Anderson. In the end I had to threaten to suspend him if he didn't tell me what the trouble was. That put the wind up him and he opened up. The rest you know."

I asked whether any other member of the team had been threatened or if any managers had been asking questions, but the answer to both was no.

Bill invited me to take a look over the ground and to ask any questions I liked. Although I took up his invitation, I might as well have saved myself the effort. I drew a blank everywhere.

I returned to his office to thank him for his help, but he waved my thanks aside and, instead, offered me a drink and inquired how everyone at Bailey and Spencer was doing. For a laugh I told him about Roscoe's cousin, Rita.

It looked as if Bill was set for an all-day session, but this was not going to help me solve the case. So, making my goodbyes, I left.

I was getting nowhere fast. When this happens in a case I find it best to concentrate on other things and let the case stew for a while. So I returned to my office.

Suzanne was waiting for me as I entered.

Jeff had not been back and Roscoe had not called in, but Kookie had been on the phone and had sounded very excited. He would be calling back in a few minutes.

While I waited for the phone to ring, I slipped over to Dino's for one of his highballs. Just as I settled down to enjoy it, Suzanne pushed her head round the door.

"See, Kookie's calling."

I put my highball back on the counter and told Joe to save it till later.

Reaching the office, Suzanne put Kookie's call through to my room.

"What's up, Kookie?" I asked.

"We're being followed," replied Kookie.

"When did he pick you up, Kookie?"

I asked.

"Immediately after we'd left, he'd

obviously been following Kinsey before he'd come to the office."

This development was too good to be true—it gave us a chance to get a lead on the boys behind the threats.

"Where are you calling from, Kookie?"

"Minnie's drugstore, Pop. Kinsey wanted to see the sunny side of town, so I brought him here."

"Okay, Kookie, stay right where you are, I'll be with you in five minutes. I'll pick across the street. When you see me arrive, you take out. I'll follow your tail."

As Kookie hung up, I pulled open the top left-hand drawer of my desk and took out my .38 police special and its shoulder holster. I slipped on the holster under my jacket, then made for the door.

It was now about twelve and the mid-day sun had turned Sunset Strip into a huge frying pan. I loosened my tie and unbuttoned the top of my shirt, there was no point in sweating away.

In seconds I was roaring across town, thankful for the breeze that sluggishly swirled through the open window of my car.

Minnie's drugstore was a well-known hang-out for beatniks on the downtown side of the city.

I eased into the pavement opposite the drugstore. Kookie and Kinsey were sitting in the window looking out on to the street. As I pulled on my hand brake, Kookie spotted me. Chiming to his foot, he headed for the door, closely followed by Kinsey.

I waited for them to turn off along the pavement, but instead they headed across the road towards me. It was obvious from Kookie's attitude that something had happened.

Opening the door of my car, I made to get out. It must have been then that I spotted the grey Ford sedan creeping from the opposite curb.

Before I really knew what was happening, my right hand was reaching inside my jacket for my police special. "Kookie! Look out!"

He needed no second warning. Throwing himself sideways, he hit Kinsey in a crash tackle that would have brought down the Statue of Liberty. At the same moment the hot sultry atmosphere was rent by the RAT-A-TAT-TAT of a Thompson machine gun.

By this time my .38 had cleared its holster. I knew that to try and hit a moving target at this range was hopeless. All I could do was to scare the pants off the driver, forcing him to pick

up speed so fast that he would ruin the gunman's aim.

It worked. As my police special thudded back into the palm of my hand the Ford shot forward. One second it had been moving at fifteen miles an hour, the next it was disappearing round a corner at sixty.

Thinking out the spent cartridges, I started to relax as I ran across the road to Kookie and Kinsey.

They lay on the sidewalk looking like war zombies. For the moment I thought they had had it. But as I drew near, Kookie pushed himself up.

A slow smile crept across his face. His hand went to his inside pocket and reappeared with his comb.

"Well, well, Papa," he said, as he started to comb his hair back into place. "Now I know what a plug-pug ball feels like as a further shooting gallery."

As he talked I looked round at the damage the gunman had made. His first burst of fire had ripped Minnie's face, bored to pieces. The second had been a bit lower and scratched the plate glass window. Fortunately for those inside, the first burst had given them plenty of warning and they had dived for cover. The third burst must have been fired just as the driver stepped on the gas, for the bullets clattered a rapid ladder to the fourth floor of the adjoining building.

I looked at Kinsey. "Well," I said, "how do you like downtown life?"

"It's pretty hot, Mr. Bailey," he answered, "but although this may not have been a joyous day it's certainly been an exciting one."

"I'll say one thing, Daddio," Kookie chimed in. "The boy with the machine gun wouldn't make first grade on an army gunnery course."

We waited around till the police arrived and gave them the run-down on what had happened. Although we did not get the car's licence number, it did not matter, for it was found abandoned two blocks away.

As I drove Kookie and Kinsey back to the office, I asked them if they had got a look at the gunman, but they'd both been too busy hugging the ground to notice anything. Things were not as black as they seemed, for I had had a full view of the wheel-faced driver. There was a good chance that the police headquarters might have a mug shot of him in their Rogues' Gallery.

Arriving back at the office, I asked Suzanne if there was anything to report. She gave me one of her sweetest smiles, and in that delightful French

accent of hers, she told me that Jeff was having lunch at Dino's and that Roscoe had called in.

Giving Suzanne instructions to call me from Dino's if Roscoe called back, I took the boys to lunch.

As we entered the restaurant we spotted Jeff over at the far table.

After introducing Kinsey and Jeff we ordered lunch, but once again Suzanne interrupted me before I had started. Roscoe was calling.

Roscoe's bookie friends had turned up trumps. One guy had laid no less than twelve thousand dollars on Anderson to win against Goldville.

As Roscoe gave me his description, the machine gun incident flashed into my mind. Our betting man was the driver of the car that had taken pot-shots at Kookie and Kinsey. Unfortunately, none of the bookies who had taken the bets knew our man's name, so although we were getting somewhere now, it wasn't very far.

I told Roscoe to return to the office, then putting down the phone, I returned to finish my lunch.

Leaving Kookie and Kinsey in Jeff's care, I headed downtown to Police Headquarters. I wanted to give Lieutenant Gilmore, of the Los Angeles Police, a rundown on the case, and at the same time take a look through the police files.

The Rogues' Gallery was not a very big success. Whoever 'Weazel Face' was, he was not known in Los Angeles. There was no point in hanging round police headquarters, so, after passing the time of day with Gilmore, I set course for home. Then came my first real break since starting this case.

The policeman on point duty at the intersection of Smith and Main decided to hold up my line of traffic to let an ambulance pass.

While I sat waiting for the okay to go, I took a slow look around. There, in the next car, was 'Weazel Face'.

When he saw me, he turned as white as a ghost. I have seen racing cars get away from a standing start, but believe me, they would not have touched this boy. For a moment, I thought the cop on point duty was going to open fire, but he obviously thought better of it. Instead, he raced across the road to a police call box and called the station.

As there was no chance of my catching Weazel, I climbed from my car and joined the cop. I flashed my private eye licence while he was still talking. Telling the copper on the other end to hold on a second, he turned and growled, "WELL, what do you want?"

"Well, officer," I replied. "I wondered if you'd pass the number of that car to Lieutenant Gilmore of Homicide."

He looked at me as if I was trying to be funny.

"Listen, wise guy," he barked. "If I knew the number of the car, I'd do as you asked. But I didn't manage to get it."

"In that case, allow me."

I thought for one minute that he was going to run me in, but on second thoughts he took down the number and passed it down the line, with my request that it be given to Gilmore.

I decided to head it back to the office while the going was good. One thing you learn in this job is never to put a policeman's nose out of joint. If you do, then make yourself scarce till he calms down, otherwise you might find yourself in the cooler.

Providing that "Woodle" had not stolen the car, we now had our first solid lead on the gang.

I arrived back at the office to find Kookie and Suzanne in earnest conversation. I gave them both a nod and headed into my office. Just as I settled down the phone rang—it was Gilmore.

Gilmore had quickly turned up the information I wanted. The car belonged to Bits Manakin, a small-time crook who usually worked over in San Diego. He had been in town a few weeks, but had not been in any trouble.

While I was taking this down Roscoe returned from his run round the hookies. I finished with Gilmore and put down the phone. Flipping the intercom switch I asked where Jeff and Kinsey had gone to.

"To Goldville, Stu," she replied. "Kinsey had to do some training."

"Pity they don't train some of these horses," snarled Roscoe. "I had two dead carts today, now they've both dropped out because of exhaustion."

"Okay then, Roscoe," I answered.

"If you're free now, how about keeping a watch on someone for me?"

"But someone's got to meet that cousin of mine."

"Don't worry about that, Roscoe. I'll send Kookie along. Now you get over to 187 4th Street. Pick up a Bits Manakin and don't lose him."

"Okay, Stu, I'm on my way."

As Roscoe went out I called in Kookie. He wasn't too pleased with the idea of playing stuntsman to Roscoe's cousin. Nevertheless, he promised to meet her at the station and park her in a hotel.



ROSCHIE PHONED SAYING ONE GUY HAD LAID TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ON ANDERSON TO WIN.

It was now seven in the evening. Roscoe had phoned in at three to say that he had arrived at Manakin's, made inquiries, learning that our man was out and had now taken up position across the road waiting for him to return. Since then I'd heard nothing.

Jeff and Kinsey were on their way back from the stadium and Suzanne had gone home.

The office was nice and quiet so I decided to get a spot of shut-eye. In this game one never knew when things would break loose, so you slept when you could.

I leaned back in my chair, put my feet up on the desk and closed my eyes. But just as I made myself comfortable the phone rang.

"Bailey and Spencer."



"Listen, Bailey," the voice was harsh, too harsh to be real. Whoever was talking was doing a good job of disguising his voice. I listened.

"If you want to see your friend Roscoe's cousin again, I'd advise you to forget all about the Goldville-Anderson game."

The line went dead.

For a minute I was stunned. The lettry rats had kidnapped Roscoe's cousin. All right, if that was the way they wanted it that was the way they could have it.

I checked my police special, left a note for Jeff, then got my car. My only hope was to get hold of Manakin and make him talk. It was not my usual way of working, but then this was beginning to look like a dirty business.

Roscoe was surprised to see me, but when I gave him the low-down he was hopping mad.

"The cheap punks," he mumbled to himself. "Just because I don't want to know my cousin, it doesn't give them the rights to interfere."

Outside Rita's flat, Roscoe and I drew our guns. I waved Roscoe to cover me, then, lifting my foot, I kicked the door. The rotten wood that was called a door jamb split into a thousand pieces, the door itself crashed inwards with me closely following.

The place was deserted—Bits had packed up and left. I had a look round. There was not very much to see. The room had not been cleaned for some time, and the rubbish was stacked in one corner. I was back in my blind

alley again and I did not know how I was going to get out.

Roscoe was worried, worried stiff about his cousin. Suddenly it hit me. Grabbing Roscoe by the arm I made for the door as fast as I could.

"Stu, what's up, you gone crazy?"

"Don't ask questions, Roscoe," I yelled back. "I think I know the man behind this case. Come on."

If I was right, we would find Roscoe's cousin at Goldville Stadium.

We called in at the office to pick up Jeff and Kinsey. . . . Kookie was there.

I quickly explained the situation. Kookie's face fell. "Gee, I'm sorry, Stu," he gasped. "I dropped her at a hotel as you told me, and I said I'd see her later. She must have been snatched after I left. . . ." We all went into a huddle, and Jeff suggested that I called Lieutenant Gilmore for reinforcements to be rushed to the stadium.

The stadium seemed to be deserted when we arrived, but Kinsey pointed out that there were plenty of places which could be in full use without showing an outside light.

We checked our 38s then moved in, with Kinsey leading the way. It was a good job we had Kinsey with us, otherwise I do not know how we would have got in without making a noise. All Kinsey had to do was open the players' entrance with his gun key.

The corridor inside was like the black hole of Calcutta. We crept forward, our guns ready for any trouble.

If our luck had held out we'd have had the crooks in the bag without any trouble, but that was not to be. Following Kinsey's suggestion we started our search in the basement of the grandstand.

The basement itself was divided into rooms which, in the winter, were used to store coke for heating. It was just our luck to pick a room that was crammed full with coke. As Roscoe opened the door to the room there was a whoosh, and coke shot everywhere.

Further down the basement corridor a door burst open, cutting a path of light into the darkness. A figure appeared, took one look at us then dashed back into the room. He reappeared almost immediately with Bits Manakin. This time he carried a Thompson machine gun.

We moved fast. . . . and only just in time. The vicious snarl of the gun cut the night to ribbons. Bullets ricocheted from wall to wall. The sound of our three 38s was lost in the general racket, but it is not always him who shouts loudest that wins the argument.

With the same suddenness that the firing had started, it stopped. Our boys with the machine guns had been plucked from where they were standing by our bullets. Jeff removed his jacket where a stray bullet had slashed his arm, luckily it was only a slight flesh wound.

We moved forward ready for anything.

"Hold it right there, Bailey."

The panic-stricken voice screamed from the lighted room.

"It's no use, Hunter," I yelled back. "The stadium's surrounded."

I could almost see Hunter weighing the odds. Would he make a run for it or would he give himself up and hope for the best? If he decided to shoot it out I would be in a fix. I could not risk endangering Rita's life, but on the other hand if I made a bargain with Hunter there was no way of knowing what would happen if Gilmore and his men arrived before the coach got clear. Supposing the cops decided to risk Rita's life in a gun battle. She could easily get killed. I weighed the possibilities and decided to string along with Hunter and hope that he would give us the chance to jump him.

"Okay, Hunter. What's the deal?"

"No deal, Bailey," he answered. "Just throw down your guns, then I'll escort this lady to the state border."

Just then Kinsey cased up beside me.

"Give me your gun, Mr. Bailey," he whispered. "Hunter won't expect me to be armed."

It was a slim chance, but one worth taking. I handed Kinsey my 38. I did not even know if he had handled one before, but there is an old saying that an hour in the dentist's chair is better than a kick in the teeth. In other words, Kinsey was better than nothing.

I nodded to Jeff and Roscoe. Taking my lead they threw down their guns. The ironware rattled on the floor. Then Hunter appeared, using Rita as a shield.

Boy, was she a turn up for the book. Roscoe had led us to believe that she was some sort of Dracula's daughter. But the girl was beautiful. But this was no time to admire her.

I held my breath. Kinsey stood to one side, his hand behind his back. I sent up a silent prayer that he would not try a snap shot, for Hunter was making sure that all we could see of him was his gun, and not too much of that. Nothing happened.

Slowly Hunter edged past, his eyes never leaving our faces. He steadily backed nearer to the stairs.

KOOKIE'S FACE FELL.  
"GEE I'M SORRY, STU,"  
HE GASPED.



Still Kinsey stood, poised, confident, giving no indication that a .38 was held ready for action. I began to sweat. Even if Hunter now showed sufficient of himself for Kinsey to take a chance shot the distance was too great for accuracy.

As the coach neared the stairs he laughed. "Well, Bailey," he said, "this is the second time I've made a fool of you. Although I'll admit you've done better this time than you did last." Again he laughed. "Remember how you cleared my young brother of a robbery charge?"

"I remember," I answered. "But I also remember that we never caught the real thief."

"Well," he replied, "you won't catch me now."

He took another step back. Suddenly everything went crazy. Hunter had been so intent on watching us that he had not looked where he was going. That was his undoing, for without warning he stepped on the coke that had shot all over the corridor when we opened the first basement door.

His feet went from under him. As he hit the floor Rita threw herself clear.

Kinsey was the first one to get over his surprise. He leapt forward. It was easy to see why he was an All American. Reaching Hunter in one bound, he lashed out a right hook that would have done credit to a world heavyweight champion. Before Hunter hit the ground Jeff dove forward and delivered another right.

Hunter's head cracked back on to his shoulders, and he rapidly lost interest in the rest of the proceedings.

Then everyone wanted to get in on the act. Gilmore and a dozen cops tumbled down the stairs, ready to shoot on sight. But they were wanting their time. The cue was wrapped up.

WITH Hunter in jail, we all returned to my office to celebrate. "You know, Stu," said Roscoe.

"There are still a couple of things that don't make sense to me. For example, why did Hunter send Kinsey to you?"

"Well," I started, "Hunter was in a fix. He wanted Goldville to lose against Anderson but the Board of Directors wouldn't let him drop Kinsey. So he got Rita to score the bid, but when Kinsey asked Hunter for help, the coach hit on the idea of using me. He'd already fooled me on his brother's case, and felt sure that he could do it again. But then his two partners decided to take a hand. It was their idea to try and gun down Kinsey and



BEFORE HE HIT THE GROUND, JEFF DIVED FORWARD AND DELIVERED ANOTHER RIGHT.

Kookie, and it's my guess that they did the kidnapping off their own bat."

"While we're on the questions and answers, Pops," slipped in Kookie, "how did you know where to find Roscoe's cousin?"

"That was Hunter's one big mistake, Kookie," I replied. "He phoned me threatening that if I didn't drop the case she would die, and I quote, 'if you want to see Roscoe's cousin again . . . etc.'"

"Well, except for Suzanne and the people in this room, only Hunter knew that Rita was Roscoe's cousin. I ruined you let out, so that left Hunter. The rest was guesswork."

Shortly after, the party broke up. Kookie and Kinsey both insisted on

seeing Rita to her hotel. Jeff and Gilmore went downtown, leaving just Roscoe and me.

As Roscoe went to leave he turned to me. "Stu, I've just discovered why my dead certs have been losing lately."

"Why's that, Roscoe?" I asked.

"It's the new system I'm using. Do you know that according to this system Anderson should beat Goldville by 13 points to 0."

I laughed. "If I were you, Roscoe, I'd tear up any system which told me that."

Which just goes to prove how wrong I was.

That's right, you have guessed Anderson won the match by 13 points to nil. How can anyone claim that crime pays!



# INTERPOL

**I**NSPECTOR Duval of the International Police Organization, Interpol, did not usually take a holiday. On the rare occasions that he did, he preferred the quiet of his Paris flat to some crowded beach. But this year, Duval had been invited to Miami, Florida, to attend an international convention of detectives.

As soon as it became known that Duval had accepted the invitation, the Miami police suggested that he be their guest for a month. Duval was flattered and pleased. He wrote thanking them and gladly accepting their offer.

The convention itself was a great success. It always interested Duval to find out how other police forces

worked and the type of criminals they had to contend with. Duval felt that the journey had not been a waste of time. He had learned a lot.

With the end of the convention, the Miami police took Duval under their wing. He was given his own personal guide, Lieutenant Wilbur J. Cain, and the freedom to do and go where he

liked in the city.

The weather in Miami was unusually bad for this time of the year. In fact it had been raining nonstop for the last few weeks, with the result that the great city was practically empty of tourists. Because of this, crime was at a low ebb, leaving Duval and Cain plenty of time to relax.

POLICE Officer O'Brien stood on the deserted corner of Tenth Avenue. It was three in the morning and the weather was not fit for a dog. He struggled down into his slicker, trying to pull his head away from the wind and rain that lashed the avenue from one end to the other. He was freezing cold and dying for a cigarette.

Swinging his night stick against his leg, O'Brien turned north towards Main Street. The sergeant would be round soon after, then he would find a quiet corner and relax with a smoke.

As the police officer disappeared into the glare of Main Street the wind seemed to rise in a blast of victory. The street was empty, now there was nothing to oppose the driving rain.

O'BRIEN swung back on to Tenth Avenue. The wind had finally blown itself out and the rain clouds were scurrying from the morning sky. Dawn was breaking and the first fingers of sunlight were creeping over the roofs of the skyscrapers. It had been two hours since he was lost on Tenth. Two hours of cold and misery. Soon he would be finished for the day, then home to bed.

He stood relaxed, letting his eyes roam up and down the broad avenue. He should, by rights, continue his beat down to the cemetery railings, but nothing ever happened down there. He turned right, to head for Main Street.

Suddenly he stopped. "Aw, is it worth raising the cemetery?" He thought to himself. "It would be just my luck to get caught by the serge for not patrolling my beat."

He turned on his heels and headed down the street. It was then he found the body . . .

LIEUTENANT Cain and Inspector Duval knelt by the body. Cain gently turned over the stiff form. As he saw the face he let out a long low whistle.

"Do you know him, Lieutenant?" asked Duval.

"Not know him, exactly, Inspector. But I've heard of him and I've seen him about." Cain sat back on his heels and tilted his hat on to the back of his head.

"His name's Manuel Mingus," he continued. "He was head of Mexican counter-espionage. What he was doing in Miami is anyone's guess!"

Duval looked at the stiff form, studying its position. He and Cain had been on their way to go fishing when the call had come in that a man had been found in Tenth Avenue. The two detectives had jumped into a police car and had arrived at the scene of the crime a few minutes after the doctor.

Cain nodded to the ambulance men standing nearby. "You can take him down to the morgue now." Then he turned to the doctor. "When can we have the autopsy report, Doc?" he asked.

The doctor looked over the top of his glasses at the young detective.

"As soon as I can complete it." The answer was abrupt.

Cain smiled and accepted the rebuke with grace. It was wrong to try and hurry a man in his work. Speed was necessary, but not at the expense of good work.

"I don't think there's anything else for us here, Inspector. We'll head back to police headquarters and start a few enquiries with the Mexican Secret Service."

Duval took the cue and returned to

the car. This was not his case, and it would be asking for trouble to interfere without being specifically asked to.

Cain quickly gave his sergeant instructions to check the street to see if anyone had seen or heard anything during the night, then he joined Duval in the car.

"Inspector?" Duval looked up. He had been far away, thinking over the case.

"Yes, Lieutenant?"

"Don't think I'm stepping out of line, Inspector, or that I want to pick your brains. But you're more used to this type of international case than I am, so I wonder if you'd like to consider yourself in charge?"

Duval blushed with pleasure. "That's very nice of you, Lieutenant, but I'm afraid that I can only take charge of a case when officially requested to by the Chief of Police." Cain's face dropped visibly.

"But," continued Duval. "I'd consider it a pleasure and a compliment to act as your sergeant."

Cain smiled. "Inspector, it's a pleasure to work with you."

Arriving back at his office Cain immediately put a call through to the Mexican Secret Service, but they did not add much to what the two detectives already knew. They claimed they had no idea on what case Mingus was working. In fact, as far as they were concerned, the counter-espionage man had been on leave.

Cain put down the phone and shrugged his shoulders at the Interpol man.

"Well, no joy from the Mexicans, Inspector. What about the lab report?"

Duval handed the four sheets of foolscap across the desk. "It seems rather interesting, Wilbur. Apart from the general information on time and death and the calibre of bullet, it would appear that Mingus had been in a wine cellar a short time before his end."

As Duval spoke, Cain quickly flashed through the report. He seemed puzzled.

"How do you come up with that, Inspector? The report only says that there was a wine stain high on the left shoulder that soaked through his top clothes and on to his vest. Perhaps his arm was raised as he was drinking a glass of wine."

The Frenchman shook his head. "If that was so, he would have been drinking from a bowl. It would take more than a glassful to soak through an overcoat, jacket and shirt. Plus the fact that the lab also found splinters of glass and wood buried in the overcoat."

# CALLING

What was the Mexican counter-espionage agent doing in Florida . . . ? Was he killed in the line of duty, or was his presence in Florida just a coincidence. . . ? These were the questions that faced Inspector Duval in the case of

# ONE DRINK TOO MANY

Duval rose to his feet and moved round the giant desk that seemed to fill the Lieutenant's office.

"I would say," he continued, "that Mingus was hiding behind some wine crates. That somehow, possibly from a shot, one of the crates was busted and the wine poured out on to the hiding man." As he spoke, Duval illustrated his point by kneeling at the right hand edge of the desk and tipping an empty water glass on its side.

Cain sat back, thinking over what the famous detective had said. Finally he leant forward. "Well, it's a theory, Inspector. And a well thought out one, but how do we prove or disprove it?"

Duval threw back his head and laughed. "That, as you Americans say, 'is the sixty-four thousand dollar question.' But it's not as bad as it seems. The wine spilt was Perrier 33, a fairly rare wine even in this part of the world. But somewhere in this town someone has a cellar full."

Cain nodded no second bidding. He flicked a lever on the office intercom that connected him to the outer office. "Sergeant. Find out if anyone in Miami has a cellar full of Perrier 33 wine."

**NOTHING.** Twenty-four hours had passed since Mingus's body had been found and in that time Cain and Duval had not turned up a single solitary thing.

As far as the police department had been able to discover no one had any Perrier in the State of Florida, let alone Miami. As for the residents of Tenth Avenue, the whole block could have been blown away and they would not have known about it. All in all, the past twenty-four hours need not have existed as far as Cain and Duval were concerned. They had reached a dead end, or so it seemed.

**F**OR the last night of his tour of night duty, Police Officer O'Brien turned into Tenth Avenue. This time he was careful to check the cemetery and of the broad street, then swinging north he sauntered towards the brightly lit area of Main Street.

Since the weather had cleared, the town had taken on its usual air of bustle and bustle. From every bar and nightclub came the sound of singing and dancing. Occasionally someone would half stagger from a doorway, call a taxi, and carefully climb in. To these O'Brien would turn a blind eye, they were in good hands and on the way home.

The police officer stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. It was the type of guy who was staggering towards him that made trouble. He lurched from side to side, singing at the top of his voice.

"Goodish evening, officer. Lovely evening . . ." he crashed to the sidewalk, out to the world.

O'Brien bent down and, grasping the man by the scruff of the neck, dragged him to the nearest police call box.

It took exactly five minutes for the American version of the Black Maria to answer O'Brien's call. Two burly policemen piled out to give the officer on the beat a hand.

"What have you got for us, Pat?"

"Only someone who's taken on too much. Grab his feet and well lift him in," replied O'Brien.

The two men bent down and grasped the unconscious man by the feet. Suddenly O'Brien doubled over and sniffed at the man's jacket.

"What's up, Pat?"

The Irishman straightened. "Let's get this bloke down to homicide. I think Lieutenant Cain and that Frenchman will be interested in this. His jacket's covered in wine—and I think it's the same stuff that I smelt on that Mingus guy!"

**T**WO hours later the old fellow started to come round. At first he did not know where he was. As he opened his eyes he saw a man with a bucket stepping back. Ark lights flooded the scene and he was soaking wet from head to foot. His head ached just as if someone was trying to hammer it into his neck. He felt awful.

"Okay, Mac—where did you get the Perrier from?"

The old man turned to face the voice. He could not quite make out who was speaking as the lights were blinding him.

"Answer me, Mac."

The old fellow tried to rise from the chair he was sitting in.

"If I could. Dad-darn see you, I would."

"Sit down, Pop!" He felt strong hands on his shoulders pulling him back into the chair. He tried to turn his head to see who it was, but the same hands made him look forward.

"Just keep your eyes in front, Pop—don't worry about who I am. Now, answer the question. Where did you get the Perrier?"

"What's this Perrier stuff you keep yapping about?"

Cain stepped into the circle of light.

He looked straight at the old man.

"Don't play dumb, Mac. Two hours ago you were brought in stinking of the stuff. Now it's a very rare wine, Mac—to rare, that the fact that you were smelling of it would be enough for me to pin a murder rap on you."

Pop went white. He swallowed.

"I ain't done nothing, Mister. Oh, sure, I got drunk, but that was at the place where I was working. I'm an odd job man."

Cain nodded to a stenographer.

"Take this down, Charlie. Right, Mac, tell us all about it."

The old man ran a finger round the inside of his collar. All of a sudden, his mouth had gone as dry as a bone.

"Well, like I said I'm an odd job man. For the last week I've been working out at a dog's home on the outskirts of town, doing little bits of carpentry and things. This afternoon I had to go down the cellar, the maid wanted a hand up with a couple of crates of beer. While I was down there I noticed a crate smashed open. There was a bottle, a bit damaged, the neck was snapped off. Well, I thought to myself—Gomez, that's the dog, Gomez, I thought, he won't drink from a broken bottle, he'll only throw it away, so I helped myself. Boy, did that stuff have a kick in it." He looked towards Cain, his eyes filled with pleading. "That's the honest truth, Mister. It is, really."

"Gomez, Gomez," the name kept repeating itself in Cain's brain. Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "I know the guy—he's a big import-export merchant."

He turned to Duval, "Come on, Inspector. I'll show you how the American Police get their man."

The armada of police cars roared out of Miami with horns howling, heading for one of the southern suburbs. In the front car, Cain handed Duval a .38 police special, just in case there was any trouble.

About a mile from Gomez's house the cars drew in to the side of the road. Cain and Duval huddled out, quickly joined by the other officers. Cain gathered them around.

"Listen, we can't afford to run ourselves into a libel suit for trespassing or false arrest. We've only got the word of an old soak to go on, so Inspector Duval and myself will go ahead. If we're not back in half an hour come and get us."

The policemen grimly nodded their heads as Cain spoke.

"Okay, Inspector?" he continued.

Daval looked up. "Well I was just thinking that it might be a good idea if I went round the back of the house—just to give anyone time to make a run for it."

"Good idea. Do that."

Cain climbed back into his car and set off. Daval watched the boot of the car disappearing, then he turned right, off the main road and made for the beach.

The sand was soft and sifting, making it difficult for Daval to walk at anything like his normal pace. He was about a mile from Gomez's house, which stood on a small promontory that jutted out into the restless Atlantic. He tried to appear casual, as if he was a tourist strolling on the deserted beach in the morning sun.

"Hey, bud—what do you think you're up to?"

Daval swung round, completely surprised by the voice behind him. It seemed impossible that anyone had come up from behind without him hearing a thing, and yet . . . A tall, powerfully-built man rose from between two sand dunes. "No wonder I didn't see him there," thought Daval, "he must have seen me coming and hidden."

"I asked what you wanted, bud." The man looked at Daval as if he was trying to place his face. "Well?"

"I'm just strolling," replied Daval.

"Don't I know you? . . . My gosh—you're Inspector Daval of Interpol. Your picture was in the paper when that international police convention ended. You're working with the Miami police."

Before the Frenchman could make a reply, the man launched himself forward. His two giant arms encircled the detective in a bear hug. Daval felt as if he had been trapped in a vice. He struggled desperately. If he did not get free quickly his ribs would be crushed.

Frantically he wrenched his left arm free. With a short, sharp movement he crushed the heel of his palm under his assailant's chin. The big man's head rocked back. For a moment he held on, but then the crushing pressure from Daval's hand sent him flying backwards.

As he crashed to the sand, Daval threw himself forward, his right hand chopping down in a jaw-breaking blow. The big man slumped back, unconscious. Quickly Daval pulled out his handcuffs. Grasping the man by the shoulders, he pulled him across the sand to a nearby palm tree. It took only a few seconds to manacle the man's two

hands on either side of the trunk.

"That'll keep you till I get back," uttered the detective. He paused for a second, wiping his sweating brow.

"He wasn't sunbathing out there," thought the man from Interpol. "Gomez obviously doesn't take any chances. Let's find out why!"

Moving faster now, the detective cut across the sands to the back of the large bungalow mansion. A small flight of stone steps led from the beach to the large patio of the house. Sliding from back to front, the detective closed in on the large french windows that opened out from the dining-room.

He stopped and listened. Cain's voice floated out through the open window. It seemed that Gomez was proving awkward, refusing to let Cain inspect the cellar.

Suddenly there was a crash of falling furniture. The whole room seemed to have become chaotic. Daval moved forward quickly, but before he could reach the window the noise of fighting had stopped. This was the time to be careful. He could not help Cain or himself by rushing in wildly and possibly running into trouble.

Being himself into a position where he could see into the room without being seen, Daval took a quick peep. He was just in time to see two men carrying the limp form of Lieutenant Cain through the kitchen door. Checking that the coast was clear, Daval slipped into the empty room to follow the men.

The trail led through the kitchen out into a wood-paneled hall. Crouching behind a small telephone table, the detective watched Cain being carried across the beautiful tiled floor. He could not quite see the purpose of this manoeuvre as the wall opposite seemed empty of doors. But as Gomez and his man reached a section about midway between the front porch and the kitchen, one section of the paneling swung back revealing a flight of stairs leading down into a cellar.

Daval let out a low whistle, it would have taken an army of builders ages to find that door. He felt glad now that he had not rushed blindly in when Cain had run into trouble.

Seizing his opportunity, the detective launched himself at the two unsuspecting crooks. As he crashed into them the startled men dropped their load.

So violent was Daval's attack that he and the two men crashed over the banisters down into the cellar.

It was a struggle to rise. He felt as if he had been run over by a steam

roller. But it was comforting to know that Gomez and his men must feel equally bad. He staggered to his feet. One of his opponents was lying unconscious among leaking crates of wine.

A vicious left hook took him high on the head, sending him reeling back against some packing cases.

Shaking his head, he pulled himself together. Gomez rushed in, arms flailing the air. One, two, three blows crashed home on Daval's battered face.

The detective began to go down under the flurry of blows. For a second Gomez stopped for breath, gathering all his strength, the man from Interpol took his opportunity to strike back. Lefts and rights forced the crook back into the centre of the cellar. For a few seconds they warred, each trying to find an advantage.

Suddenly Daval swept in a right rabbit punch to the man's kidneys. His eyes opened with shocked pain. Slowly he slid to the floor.

"Well done, Inspector, that was better than watching a heavyweight tide fight."

Daval swung round to face a bedraggled Cain. He smiled, "I feel like I've been in one," replied Daval. "Now, let's see what is so important in this cellar that one man's died and we've had this fight."

It did not take long for the two men to find what they were looking for. At the back of the cellar, carefully stacked under some crates of Portolier wine, were enough guns and ammunition to have equipped an army.

"There—what a haul," the American policeman pushed his hat on to the back of his head, "Gomez must have been smuggling these into Mexico. Minges obviously traced the supply back to here and was shot at while in the cellar."

Daval nodded agreement. "How he got out of here alive and escaped to Miami before he was trapped is beyond me. Minges must have been some agent."

"GOOD morning, Inspector Daval—did you enjoy your holiday?" Mornay, Daval's chief assistant, greeted his chief in the Paris office of Interpol. "I suppose you've had a lazy time sunbathing on the beach?"

"You could say that," replied Daval, "but if the last month has been a holiday I'll stick to the restful life of work." Daval turned and headed into his office. It was good to be back in Paris again.

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Patrick McGeehan plays John Drake  
in *Danger Man*



Edward Byrnes plays Keckle, the youthful "cool-cat" in *77 Sunset Strip*.



# THE FOUR JUST MEN



The four just men pledged themselves to right wrong no matter where it occurred. It was their refusal to bow before evil that involved them in the case of.....

## REVENGE FROM THE DEAD





WITHIN SECONDS RYDER WAS IN CONTACT WITH PARIS...



...YES, TIM...  
A BOMB!  
WHAT IS IT ALL  
ABOUT?

ALL I  
CAN TELL YOU  
JEFF, IS THAT  
RICCO AND  
JOHN HAVE ALSO  
RECEIVED  
ONE OF THESE  
BOMBS!



AS THE DUST SETTLED, RYDER CLIMBED TO HIS FEET...

WOAH! THAT WAS  
CLOSE, MR  
RYDER!

QUICK, GET A  
TIN COLLIER IN PARIS...  
HE MIGHT KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING ON!



AND IN PARIS, TIM  
COLLIER LISTENED  
TO JEFF RYDER'S  
ANXIOUS MONOLOGUE...

WOAH! ARE THEY  
ALL RIGHT?

SURE, JEFF, DON'T  
WORRY... I WAS JUST  
ABOUT TO PHONE THEM  
AND ASK THEM TO MEET  
ME HERE SO THAT WE  
COULD DISCUSS THIS  
THING MORE  
THOROUGHLY!



DM COLLIER PHONED THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF THE  
FOUR JUST MEN... AND NEXT DAY AT PARIS AIRPORT...

GLAD YOU COULD  
BOTH GET HERE  
SO QUICKLY!

HELLO, TIM... I THINK  
WE CAN SAFELY ASSUME  
THAT THESE BOMBS ARE  
SENT BY SOMEONE WHO  
OWES US ALL A GRUDGE!



TRUE ENOUGH  
BUT WHO?

I BELIEVE THE SENDER OF  
THESE LETHAL PARCELS HAS  
OTHER PLANS FOR US NOW THAT  
HIS FIRST SCHEME HAS FAILED...  
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR  
HIS NEXT MOVE AND LET HIM  
SHOW HIMSELF!



I HOPE  
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
DICKO. IT  
WOULD SAVE  
A LOT OF  
TROUBLE!





OUR INFORMER IS DEAD!

HMM! BEFORE HE DIED HE MENTIONED A MAN NAMED PEPE... ANY IDEAS WHO PEPE IS, RICCO?

NOT A CLUE... STAY HERE WHILE I CALL THE POLICE!



SEN THE NAME PEPE. MAYBE IT'S SPELL PEPP... IT COULD BE A PLACE NAME!

BY GOSH! YOU COULD BE RIGHT! LET ME THINK. I KNOW PERIGONE... REMEMBER THAT SPY KING WE BUSTED IN 44?



WE'D SURROUNDED BOUSSAC'S KILLER, BUT HE HAD BEEN WARNED OF OUR COMING AND MADE A RUN FOR IT.



YES, THE LEADER WAS DANIEL BOUSSAC. BUT HE IS DEAD... KILLED BY...

BY A MINE... THINK BACK...



...HE CUT ACROSS SOME FIELDS WITH US HARD ON HIS HEELS...

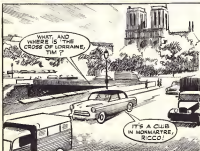


...BUT IT WAS A AGNE FIELD— BOUSSAC DON'T MAKE IT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A POLICE CAR ROARED UP...



SOME TIME LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...











NICK ACE, CRIME INVESTIGATOR,  
SPENDS A DAY WITH A POLICE ...

# SQUAD CAR

AS the black police car slid through the gates of police headquarters into the main street, I settled into the back seat, I had never been in a police car before, and I meant to make the most of it.

Fred, the police driver, pointed out the local land marks as we went along, but he also kept his eyes open for any little thing that might indicate something wrong.

"MS to MS4. What is your position?" The car radio crackled out. Ray, the car's observer, picked up the short-wave radio mic. "MS4 to MS. We are moving south, along Queens Road," Ray answered.

"Proceed to 118, London Road. A Mrs. Brown reports a prowler in the area."

As the message came to an end, Fred shifted into top gear and we were away. Speed was essential in this type of matter. Five minutes could make the difference between an arrest and a wasted journey. This first emergency soon brought home to me what superb drivers the squad car men are. In four minutes we had covered the three miles from Queens to London Road.

Mrs. Brown was a short, plump

woman of fiftyish. It appeared that she had been hanging out her morning washing when she saw a strange man in a garden a few doors down. She had called out and he had run away. Fred asked for a description.

"Well," she replied. "I'm not really sure. Now let me see ... He was about as tall as you. Brown hair, and he wore a green corduroy jacket and a green hat."

The description did not seem much use to me, in fact there seemed no hope of catching anyone with so little to go on. Nevertheless, Ray radioed the information back to H.Q. while Fred took a look around.

He did not find much in the way of clues and decided to patrol the adjoining streets in the hope that our man may still be in the area. It seemed a pretty long shot.

We started cruising around, keeping a sharp eye open for anyone fitting the description.

"MS to MS4. Come in please," Ray least forwarded and picked up the mic. "MS4 to MS."

"Hello, MS4. MS7 has picked up a suspect answering the description of your prowler in the High Street. You

may resume normal patrol."

"I don't understand," I muttered. "How could anyone be picked up on a description like that?"

Fred laughed. "You've been reading too many detective novels," he chuckled. "Listen, supposing Mrs. Brown had told us that this prowler was say, five ten, weighed about fourteen stone, had brown eyes, brown hair, and wore a dark blue suit and white shirt with a blue tie, that would have been almost useless to us. There are thousands of men who would fit that description, but if you look around there are not many men wearing green jackets and green hats. So, in actual fact, it is not the amount of detail that helps us in a description, but anything that is unusual."

I had to admit the logic in Fred's argument, but I was not going to give up my little preconceived ideas without a fight. "Surely," I said, "if a crook is scared, say on the shoulder, that helps to identify him?"

"Once we have caught him, it does, but you can't go round asking everyone to take off their shirt to check if they are scared. No, you can't get round it, Nick," he continued. "The best description we can have is a fast one, that is, one immediately after a crime's taken place, and one that gives us something unusual about the man. Then, we stand a good chance of catching him."

AS we talked, we were cruising slowly along one of the many back turnings of the town. Suddenly, a driver swung out of a side turning. The car was a big black Austin. The driver spotted us. Without any apparent reason, he shot forward like a scared rabbit. Fred took one look at me and roared in pursuit.

"Something's put the wind up him," Fred muttered. "And I wouldn't be surprised if it's us. We'd better inform H.Q. and tell them the car's number, there may be something on it."

THE END OF A JOY RIDE





Jack Hawkins, the famous star, plays Ben Mardred M.P. in TV's 'Four Just Men'.

As the information was sent over the air, my eyes never left the car in front. Boy, was that guy moving! Already, he had reached the next corner, some fifty yards away, and was now squealing round it on two wheels. Fred seemed unruffled.

We had reached the corner and as we shifted round I nearly finished up in Fred's lap. Our quarry was still some distance ahead, and moving like the wind. Ray leant forward and pressed the going button on the dashboard. The familiar sound of the police bell cut the air. Again our quarry swung left, and for one second I thought he was going to turn over, but fortunately the wheels stayed on the ground. We swung after him. Now we were gaining a little on the car.

As we followed in hot pursuit the radio crackled out.

"MS to MS4. What is your position?"

"Following suspect car west along Dock Street."

Before Ray had time to say any more we looked right into a dual carriage way. The suspect car splashed across the first lane, but this time the driver had misjudged his turn. His back wheel hit the centre island. The back swung out in a wide arch. The brake lights flashed on. The wheels gripped the surface of the road. The car began to lift. As we closed on it, it crashed the apex of its roll and for a split second it hung in position. Then it was rolling, over and over.

As it came to a stop on its side, Fred slammed on our brakes and jerked us to a halt. Big as he was, he was half way to the crushed car before Ray called H.Q. on the mic, and quickly gave the information, then we dashed over to give a hand.

The inside of the car was a mess. Seats had been flung everywhere in the crash. In the back of the car lay a young boy in his early teens. Fred nodded grimly. "I'm afraid that this is his last joy ride."

The driver of the car groaned. He was trapped behind the wheel. Gently Fred lifted him clear. "Take his shoulders, Nick."

I bent forward and grasped the young man under the arms.

"Okay, mate. We'll take him."

I looked round at the voice. An ambulance man stood behind me. I moved aside to make way.

Soon everything was under control. Police cars from the local stations had arrived and taken charge of the scene.

H.Q. radioed to say that the car had



FIRE ENGINES AT THE SCENE . . .

been stolen, and that division would be handling the job of telling the dead boy's parents.

There was nothing for me to say. If only kids realized the risk they were taking and the foolishness of their actions these dreadful incidents would never happen.

IT was now about eleven in the morning and we had been on patrol for just an hour. We hadn't spoken for the last ten minutes. Each of us being too busy thinking about the accident. Then the car radio broke the silence.

"MS to MS4. Proceed to South Parade Pier. A Mr. Jones reports injured scagull."

I smiled to myself. This was something I had not expected the police to do. We eased forward, changing direction for the pier.

The little injured scagull looked up at us with pleading eyes. Fred bent down and gently closed his hand round its body. He lifted it up and gave it a close inspection. "Poor thing's twisted its wing."

"What do you do with it?" I asked.

"We'll run him over to the P.D.S.A. They'll take care of him."

FOR the next hour things were quiet, giving me a chance to have a long talk with Fred about other sides of police work. Then the radio crackled once more. "MS to MS4. Proceed to 111, Gardners Street. Fire."

When we arrived at 111, the fire engines were already on the scene. Fred climbed from the car and walked to the chief fireman.

A few seconds later he was back in the car. I cooked a quizzical eyebrow.

"Some housewife had placed some inflammable material over the vent pipe of her gas fridge. The thing caught alight, but it's under control

now. No need for us to hang around."

We moved off. I was amazed at the things people did without thinking. If the fire engines had not been called in quickly, the whole block could have been burnt down because one woman did not think what she was doing. One careless mistake could have cost many lives.

This point was rubbed in by our next case, which was a household problem.

We had a call about an hour after the fire accident. This time a baby had been scalded by boiling water. The mother had been cooking the meal and left the saucepan handle sticking out. While her back was turned, her young son had reached up and grasped the handle of a pan full of boiling water. The result of one minute's carelessness would be with that woman all her life. There was nothing for us to do. With the child in hospital and the father called from work, we could only leave them to their sorrows.

A LARGE lorry carrying a half-dozen was due to come through the town. As is normal in this type of thing, the lorry had to have an escort, to get it through the traffic with the least amount of disruption.

We met the lorry on the outskirts of town and then led it through the busy streets. The job was a slow one, but if we had not been with it to make a clear road, I hate to think of the chaos it would have caused.

Time was getting on. Soon the day's patrol would be over. We were to have one more call before we finished.

"MS to MS4. 999 call from the Anniversary Bank, London Road."

With siren clanging and roof light flashing, we roared through the town.

I sat still, holding my breath. Any minute now I expected to find myself flying through the windshield of the car. But Fred's brilliant driving soon reassured me. Suddenly, the radio crackled again.

"MS to MS4. False alarm on 999. Obviously an engineer is repairing the automatic alarm call system at the bank. They forgot to inform us."

Ray lifted the mic from its hook. "Roger, MS."

So ended my day in a police car. Gone were all notions of a job full of thrills, true it was thrilling, but it was hard, jolly hard work. But it is also obviously a job worth doing, one at which you could never be bored. One that would give anyone a sense of satisfaction. One that is vital.

# DIXON OF DOCK GREEN



## THE CHICAGO GUNMAN

BY G. S. MARLER

ONE of P.C. Dixon's toughest cases really began in America when a Chicago Gangster decided that things in the States were getting a little too hot for him.

He reasoned that his fortress of crime would be more profitable in England where he knew the English police never turned guns to power themselves.

So, full of confidence, the Chicago Gunman arrived in England and made his way to London.





AND SO, GEORGE DIXON ENQUIRED AT ALL THE LOCAL TOBACCONISTS, BUT WITHOUT ANY SUCCESS AND IT LOOKED AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN WORKING ON THE WRONG LINES ...







IN HIS PANIC, THE AMERICAN GUNMAN SOON OUTFRANCED P.C. DIXON ...







I KNOW THOSE HOUSES. THE ROOM THAT YANK'S IN HAS A SKYLIGHT... IF I COULD GET HIS ATTENTION DISTRACTED AT THE RIGHT TIME I THINK I'D STAND A CHANCE OF NASSING HIM!



LET ME DO IT...



NO, GEORGE... YOU'VE DONE MORE THAN ENOUGH... LET ME HAVE THE CHANCE OF A BIT OF GLOSSY!

ALL RIGHT, LAUDIE... BUT WE'VE BOTH GOT TO BE CAREFUL... THAT YANK'S TRIGGER-HAPPY!



ANDY MADE HIS WAY TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSES... THEN...



LOOK, ANDY'S MADE IT!



THERE'S ANDY'S SIGNAL... RIGHT... NOW TO DRAW THAT YANK'S ATTENTION!

AND SO POLICE CONSTABLE LAUDERDALE MADE HIS BALLANT BID TO DRAW THE GUNMAN'S FIRE...



WOW! THAT GUN-MAD I'D GOT SURE MEANS BUSINESS!



BUT THEN...



YES,  
POLAR, SCAR  
ROSCO THOUGHT  
HE COULD TERRORISE  
THE POLICE WITH HIS  
GUNNANGS METHODS...  
BUT, LIKE OTHERS BEFORE  
HIM, HE FOUND TO HIS  
OWN COST THAT THE  
BRITISH POLICE  
ARE MORE THAN  
ADEQUATE IN  
DEALING WITH  
HIS KIND!



# Nick Ace SAYS TUMBLE THIS GUFF

IN my job I am continually in touch with the underworld, and it has been part of my training to learn their own special language. All professions have their own jargon and the underworld is no exception. To a layman a typical conversation would be almost undecipherable. Let me give you an example of what I mean. Recently I was sent to report on a series of thefts that had occurred in Sake, and I looked up Jimmy the Squawk, a man who had often given me many leads in my job as a crime reporter.

"Say, Jimmy," I said, handing him a cigarette, "have you any news that might be helpful to me about those Sake robberies?"

"Sure, Nick," he said, "I don't mind helping you, you've done me some good turns, and I don't forget easy!"

"These turns are done by a geezer who's a creep, he screws a gag and goes after small work. I wouldn't spill the guff on him but he does treat me away for a pension. If you take a ball of chain to the hip-bone along the frog you'll find him there, but be careful he'll get the needle if he lowers your a linen draper man!"

I thanked Jimmy and went off in search of the man, but as it turned out the police had already caught up and arrested the Sake thief.

But listening to Jimmy had made me wonder if many people could have made head or tail of his strange words. To me it was perfectly clear as I had become quite familiar with these types of expressions . . . I have selected a list of some authentic terms used by the underworld, and after reading this you will be able to understand a little better exactly what Jimmy the Squawk was talking about.

Apples and pears : stars

Asst. Mark : a fice

Ball of chalk : a walk

Boss and honey : money

Butt-time : time (in prison)

Blag : to steal or take

Blow : to lose

Blower : strutsman

Blow : to make off

Blower : telephone

Boggy : detective

Bo Peep : sleep

Bushel and peck : neek

Buses : plain-clothes policeman

Buzz : steal as a pickpocket

Cadfe : hat

Carpet : three months' imprisonment

Clods : copper coins

Cock and hen : £10

Cornswallow ringer : stranger

Creep : sneak thief

D's : detectives

Dabs : fingerprints

Darbies : handkerchiefs

Decko : look

Deener : shilling

Dip : pickpocket

Doopy : bakery

Dramming : breaking into house and

flats after first ascertaining that the

premises are empty by knocking, or

ringing the bell

Duffs : fists

Flatfoot : policeman in uniform

Flowery dell : cell

Fence : receiver of stolen property

Frog and toad : road

Gag : building

Geezer : person, male or female

Geanthopper : policeman

Groin : ring

Guff : words

Half-a-bar : ten shillings

Hoot : shop-lifting

Jack's alive : £5

Jam-jar : motor-car

Jimmy Prescott : walruscoat

Jug : bank

Kip : sleep

Kip-house : lodging-house

Knock-off : steal

Lag : convict

Lagged : sent to penal servitude

Linen draper : newspaper

Loaf of bread : head

Lug : ear

Madam : to tell her or tell the tale

Manor : a particular police district

Mike Malone : phone

Mocon : one month's imprisonment

Mouthpiece : solicitor or counsel

Mug : face

Mutt and Jeff : deaf

Nark : informer

Nark at! : stop it!

Needle : anger

Nick : police-station

Nicked : arrested

Nicker : £1

North and south : mouth

Once a week : check

Oxford : 5 shillings

Pen and ink : drink

Peter : safe

Pig's ear : beer

Poke : wallet

Pontoon : 21 months' imprisonment

Putting the skates on : running away

Putting the squawk in : informing

To rat : to inform

Rattler : underground railway

Rod : gun

Rollicking : a telling off

Rory O'Moore : door

Sourper : to run away

Screw : to break into premises, also to

look, a jailer

Skist : broke

Smash : change (money)

Saids : counterfeit coin

Snot : tobacco

Sprey : men who live by their wits

Sit : detective

Sprat : expense

Sticks : suburbs

Strich : twelve months' imprisonment

Strides : trousers

Sweeney Todd : Flying Squad

Tail : follow or shadow

Tea-and : thief

Tosheroon : half a crown

Tumble : a drink, or to discover

Turned-over : searched

Uncle Ned : head

Up the steps : committed for trial

Whistle : suit

Wizz : pickpocket

Wink : to run away



NICK ACE SINGS UP  
THE SQUAWK A CIGARETTE

# THE PURSUERS



My name is Bollinger  
—John Bollinger.  
My side-kick is special.  
It is my job to keep  
London's 7,000  
square miles from  
becoming a concrete  
jungle.  
It was my constant  
search for crime  
that led me to . . .

## THE GREEDY MAN











UNAWARE THAT HE HAD BEING  
WATCHED THE DOCK WORKER  
MADE HIS WAY TO A PHONE...

HALLO BOSS... SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT'S TURNED UP...  
CAN YOU MEET ME IN  
HERE RIGHT AWAY...

THIS SOUNDS PROMISING...  
THERE HE GOES...HE'S MAKING  
TOWARDS THAT WAREHOUSE...  
NOW WE'LL JUST SIT TIGHT,  
BOY, AND WAIT FOR THIS  
BOSS TO TURN UP!

HEY! HALLO BOSS, I  
DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO  
COME IN THAT WAY!

I SAW A COP SNOOPING  
AROUND HERE TODAY,  
BOSS... I DON'T LIKE IT  
DO YOU THINK THEY'RE  
ON TO US?

YOU'RE A FOOL,  
SPIDER, THIS PLACE IS  
CRAMPING WITH COPS...  
AND I TOLD YOU NEVER TO  
CONTACT ME BY PHONE...NOW  
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

THIS IS NO  
PLACE TO TALK,  
YOU FOOL... LET'S  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

THE  
PLACE IS  
EMPTY,  
BOY... IT  
LOOKS AS  
THOUGH OUR  
BIRD HAS  
FLOWN THE  
COUP!

LATER...

HE'S BEEN IN THERE  
FOR OVER AN HOUR...  
AND HIS BOSS  
HASN'T TURNED UP!  
LET'S HAVE A  
CLOSER LOOK



HALLO... WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND BOY?



A GLOVE... I'VE NEVER SEEN A DOCK WORKER WEARING A GLOVE OF THIS QUALITY... IT COULD MEAN THAT THE BOSS HAS BEEN HERE... HALLO... THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE...



... A FRESHLY MADE FOOTPRINT AND A SQUISHED LEAF... AND I DON'T RECOGNISE THIS SPECIES OF PLANT... I WONDER... SO AND FETCH STEVE, BOY!



ANY LUCK, JOHN?

I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT CRANE OPERATOR... HE MADE A RENDEZVOUS WITH A CHAP HE CALLED THE BOSS... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GONE AND THE SLIP! BUT LET'S GET BACK TO THE YARD, STEVE!

BACK AT THE YARD, INSPECTOR BOLLINGER CHANGED BACK INTO HIS NORMAL CLOTHING...



... THERE WAS A GLOVE AND IN A HUNCH THAT IT COULD BELONG TO THIS BOSS CHAP... ALSO I FOUND AN INTERESTING CLUE, I'VE SENT IT TO THE CRIME LAB... WE SHOULD BE GETTING A REPORT ON IT ANY MINUTE NOW!



AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR OPENED... I'VE CHECKED ON THAT LEAF SIR... IT COMES FROM A VERY RARE SUB-TROPICAL PLANT... THE ONLY PLACE I KNOW WHERE IT'S GROWN IS NEW BOTANICAL GARDENS.



WELL, IT'S THE ONLY LEAD WE'VE GOT, JOHN! I'LL GO TO NEW AND CHECK UP ON IT... I'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

AN HOUR LATER, STEVE  
RETURNED....



THAT LAB REPORT WAS  
RIGHT JOHN! IT'S A VERY  
RARE SPECIES KEPT  
ONLY AT KEW... BUT WE  
ARE IN LUCK, THE CHAP  
THERE TOLD ME THERE'S  
ONLY ONE OTHER PLACE IN  
ENGLAND WHERE IT'S  
GROWN, AND THAT'S IN  
THE FORECOURT OF A  
LUXURY BLOCK OF FLATS  
AT HIGHGATE!



THEN THAT'S  
WHERE WE'RE GOING  
BRING ALONG  
THAT GLOVE,  
STEVE!



THIS IS THE  
PLACE RIGHT  
ENOUGH!



GIVE  
HIM THAT  
GLOVE, STEVE.  
THEN IT'S UP TO  
HIM TO SEE  
IF ITS OWNER  
LIVES IN  
THESE FLATS!



IT LOOKS AS IF  
HE'S PICKED UP  
THE SCENT!



Based on A.B.C.'s television series "The Untouchables"

This startling case has inspired many arguments, books and films—some say it was to lay the pattern of the American-type gangster methods.

Below is my report on the case which was the most sensational of its day.

*Pick Case*

## AT SYDNEY STREET

# GUNFIGHT

MAX WEIL was worried, worried about the strange noise that he could hear coming from the back of Harris' Jewellers, the shop next door to him at 119, Houndsditch. For about the eighth time Max walked to his back window and looked out. Facing him was the back of a row of houses in Exchange Buildings, a cul-de-sac that ran parallel to Houndsditch. If he hoped to see something that would explain the noise he was unlucky. He tried to reassure himself with the thought that it was probably Harris himself doing some repair work. But what honest Jew worked at ten forty-five on a Friday night, the Sabbath.

Finally, Weil could stand it no longer. Pulling on his warm winter overcoat he slipped out into the bitter December night and made for Bishopsgate, looking for a policeman.

P.C. Walter Piper was an alert officer and when Weil told him of the strange noise, he quickly went to investigate.

Piper's first move was to go to Weil's house to hear the noise for himself. Satisfied that there was some sort of skulduggery afoot, the policeman made his way to Exchange Buildings. Of the row of houses that backed on to Houndsditch, only one, No. 11, showed a light. Piper knocked on the door. A foreign looking man reluctantly answered the knock. The constable's suspicion was immediately aroused, but it was no use rushing into a possible gang of bandits single handed. It is usual a force as he could muster, the constable asked, "Is your Missis in?" The man answered in broken English, "She's gone out." "Right," answered Piper. "I'll be back."

Moving back to Houndsditch, Piper met P.C. Chest and P.C. Woodham. Sending Woodham round to watch Exchange Buildings, Piper left Chest in Houndsditch and went to find a Sergeant.

In a very short while a fair sized party of police had gathered outside 119, Houndsditch. This party included three sergeants, Bentley, Tucker and Bryant, two P.C.s, Piper and Smoothey, two plain clothes men, Martin and Strongman, plus P.C.s Chest and Woodham who had now joined forces in Exchange Buildings.

The sergeants had a hurried conference, the outcome of which was that Piper would watch the front of Harris's in Houndsditch, Smoothey would stay in Castle Street, the road that ran past the top of Exchange Buildings, and the rest would try and find out what was going on.

Sergeant Bentley knocked on the door of No. 11. Silently it opened. "Have you been working or knocking about inside?" The man hesitated. "Don't you understand English?" asked the Sergeant. "Have you anyone in the house who does? Fetch 'em out."

The man turned into the house, presumably to bring someone. After a few seconds, Bentley pushed the door wide open and stood with one foot inside the gas-lit hall. Bryant moved up behind him and the men in the dark shadowy alley moved a little closer.

Suddenly, without any warning, a fusillade of shots ripped from the back room of the house. Bentley collapsed with a bullet in the neck. Bryant, bullets in his chest and hands, staggered back to the footpath. The other officers in the little square rushed forward, only to meet a barrage of shots as armed men rushed out of the house. P.C. Woodham was shot down as he went to draw his baton. Sergeant Tucker was hit several times and mortally wounded. P.C. Chest fell with eight bullets in him as he tried to grapple with one of the gunmen. Then one of the assassins staggered, hit by a bullet from one of his own men. Quickly the figures stooped and picked him up. Then they were gone, into the cold dark night. Of the policeman in the square, the five in uniform were all

injured, three of them fatally. The two plain clothes men were not hurt at all. Incredibly, the two P.C.s who had been left behind did not see anyone leave the Exchange Buildings cul-de-sac.

As soon as the alarm was raised, police and ambulances streamed to the scene of the crime. But the gang had disappeared into the back streets of the East End of London.

SOON the police machinery was in full swing. Leads came in close succession. In the early hours of Saturday, December 17th, the day after the raid, a doctor was called to a badly wounded man at 39, Grove Street. Later that morning the man died, and the doctor notified the coroner. When the police arrived at the address, they found the man dead on the bed and a distressed woman, unable to speak English, busily destroying papers. The dead man was identified as George Gardinier, a Russian anarchist. Other rooms of 39, Grove Street were let to two other anarchists known as Fritz Swann and Peter Markow, better known as Peter the Painter.

By December 22nd, the police had arrested these men and two women in connection with the Houndsditch affair, but the main members of the gang still evaded arrest. Time and time again the police swooped on houses in the East End, but each time they were too late. Then on Monday, January 2nd, 1911, just two weeks and three days after the shooting, police information crystallized into a certainty that two of the men were hiding on the second floor of 100, Sidney Street. At about ten on that freezing cold night, a party of police reconnoitred the block. When all seemed clear, the police decided to evict the families at 100, so that the chances of anyone being injured were as slight as possible.

At three thirty a.m., they quietly knocked up the downstairs tenants. In half an hour the house was empty,



#### SOLDIERS MOVE IN FOR FIRING POSITIONS

save for the two anarchists on the second floor. Now, because of the dark, the higher police officers decided to wait until it was dawn. By first light of the new winter's day, 100, Sidney Street was surrounded by armed policemen. Lines of police were also used to keep back the flood of sightseers who had gathered to watch the drama played out.

At seven thirty, Inspector Wentley and some other officers threw gravel at the second-floor window in a gesture, calling for the two men to surrender. Their answer was immediate. A first-floor window flew open and bullets raked the pavement below. Sergeant Lenson, one of the officers with the Inspector, was hit in the lungs and foot. Supported by Sergeant Richardson he staggered through an archway to a yard behind.

Now the two fugitives moved to the top floor of the house and poured a curtain of lead down on to the policemen in the street below. The police returned the fire, hoping to disable the two anarchists, but their weapons were next to useless against the powerful automatics of the two desperate men trapped in the building.

When the uselessness of their weapons was realized, Superintendent Mulvasey, of H Division, phoned Scotland Yard and requested permission from the Commissioner's office for him to call in troops from the Tower of London. So, about the middle of the morning, Lieutenant Ross with seventeen men of the Scots Guards arrived on the scene. They immediately took

up position at each end of Sidney Street and laid down a merciless cross fire.

By this time practically the whole of the higher echelons of London's police administration were at the siege. The gathering was completed when Mr. Winston Churchill, the then Home Secretary, arrived just before noon.

Now the fight began to take on the air of a military battle. Reports began to circulate that Maxim guns were being brought up and that Royal Engineers were tunnelling into the house from the rear. But although the rumors impressed those standing watching, they did nothing to the two men in 100, Sidney Street. They shot at anything that moved, including a couple of cats and at least one dog. Still the battle raged. Troops and police had taken up position in the houses facing 100 and, protecting themselves with mattresses, also opened fire on the bare windows opposite.

Amid the bursts of gunfire, the top police officers were worried. If the battle kept on at this rate, the two men would still be in the house and armed when night fell. Then they might try and slip away, added to this, friends of the two men might be in the crowd ready to help their comrades if they could. Another worry was the crowd. It looked more like a Bank Holiday than a fight. The news had quickly spread all over London, and as the seconds were on more and more people were arriving.

Suddenly the events took a dramatic turn. At one o'clock sounded from a nearby church a whiff of smoke puffed from one of the windows of the besieged house. For a second it faded away, but then it recurred with increasing density. Soon it was a blaze. Flames began to lick the woodwork of

the windows and the roof. As the flames and smoke thickened, it was obvious that either the two men must make a break for it or die where they were. Every gun came to bear on the front door of 100. If the men tried to escape it was possible that they would just blaze away at everyone, police, troops and watching civilians. But nothing happened. Only the crackle of flames and the crash of falling debris broke the silence from the house. By now the fire-brigade had been waiting some time to get near the fire and put it out, but the police had stopped them. Now they gave the okay. The battle of Sidney Street was over. Two men had held the night of the London police and the Scots Guards at bay for over six hours.

Out of the bandits who had shot down the three policemen in Exchange Buildings, three were dead and an unknown number remained at large. One of these wanted men was the notorious Peter the Painter, but there was never any real evidence that he was at the scene of the original crime at all. Either way, neither Peter or Max, the fourth member of the gang, were ever caught. Of the five people arrested in December all were released at their trial, along with three other men arrested at a later date. So ended the siege of Sidney Street and the Hornditch affair. One of the most original sections of English history had been written. It became something for the ordinary people to tell their children, and even today the old-timers of London's East End will tell of the famous battle, and those who listen will be sure that the teller played an important part in the fight.

*Nick Dee*

# HAWAIIAN EYE



## THE SONG BIRD

by Alan S. Gornall

FROM all corners of the Pacific a constant stream of visitors swarms in Honolulu, bringing with them suspicion, suspense, tension, treachery, danger and death. Tracy Steele and Tom Lopaka search out trouble in a cosmopolitan city that stands at the crossroads of four continents.

From offices near the big hotels of Waikiki Beach, the two Private Investigators live their exciting roles as owners of the "Hawaiian Eye Investigation, Protection". Justice is their motto, and action their byword.

TRACY Steele swivelled round in his chair away from the large oak desk that was littered with papers. He had been running through the accounts of the "Hawaiian Eye Investigation, Protection." As he rose to his feet and stretched his long legs, he smiled with satisfaction. The books were in order and showed a considerable profit.

Suddenly the outer door to the offices burst open and breathlessly, Kim, the cubbie who worked for the Service whenever possible, reminded Tracy that he had promised Chryseis "Cricket" Blake that he would look in at the Carluga Bar to hear her sing with Rod Vincent, the latest popular recording star who had arrived in Hawaii from the States earlier that day.

"What's this guy like?" Tracy asked Kim as they walked towards the night club. "Why does Cricket want me to see him?"

"I think he wants you to hear him, Mr. Steele," replied Kim, his oriental face beaming. "He very good . . . very popular in United States."

"Yeh! And he's singing with Cricket," smiled Tracy. "O.K., Kim, in you go. We wasn't disappoint the little lady."

Cricket Blake and Rod Vincent were about to begin a number. After the first few bars Tracy did not regret his visit to the Carluga Bar. Cricket, as always, was in fine voice, and Rod Vincent's mellow voice came over the microphone in pleasing, lilting tones, harmonising perfectly with the pretty girl who stood by his side.

When the number was over, Cricket caught Rod's hand and led him through the applauding customers to where Tracy stood.

"Isn't he wonderful, Tracy?" Cricket enquired as Steele shook the young singer's hand.

"You do have quite a voice, Mr. Vincent," Tracy grinned. "But tell me, aren't you from the islands?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Steele," replied the handsome, black-haired youth. "This is my first visit to Hawaii."

A puzzled frown crossed Tracy's brow, but he pursued the subject no further. He was standing with his back to the Carluga Bar entrance, so he didn't see the large, tall, bulky figure that pushed open the door.

Suddenly two shots crashed out. In an instant Tracy was turning, moving like a panther towards the door which swung back in his face, heavily closed by the escaping man.

The warm balmy breeze of the Hawaiian night hit Tracy's face as he

glanced along the palm tree, his gaze darting from rock to palm tree, from passer-by to beach boy. But the big man had gone from sight, blending in with the shadows and cover of the Carluga Bar area.

Slowly, muscles still tensed, ready for immediate action, Tracy Steele turned and retraced his steps to the Bar. Rod Vincent was sweating slightly as he looked up at the wall, the two neat round bullet holes above his head telling their own ominous, spine-chilling story. Someone had tried to kill the singer, and Tracy was curious to know why.

"I haven't an enemy in the world, Mr. Steele," Rod replied to Tracy's questions. "I guess it was some jerk who doesn't like my singing."

Cricket Blake held Vincent's arm, her heart still thumping wildly from the sudden excitement.

"Rod—Tracy runs a detective agency," she told the young singer, her voice unsteady and barely a whisper. "Why don't you let him help you? That man might try to shoot you again."

"Aw! It was probably some stunt cooked up by my publicity agent,"

Rod laughed. "I shouldn't worry about it, Mr. Steele. He has some pretty hair-brained schemes at times. That's what's made me a star I guess."

Tracy nodded his head thoughtfully and left the bar. He was even more curious about the young singer now. Those bullet holes had been too close to be just a stunt . . . and Vincent was obviously as scared as a jackrabbit.

"I walked the length and breadth of Honolulu last night," Tracy told his partner, Tom Lopaka, in the Hawaiian Eye offices the next morning. "There was no trace of the big man, but from the quick glance I got of him I'd swear he was from the States."

"What do you plan to do, Tracy?" Tom asked, looking up as Kim walked in. "Are we going to investigate?"

"Cricket wants us to," replied Tracy, "and I'm very interested to learn why that boy is lying his way out of his nationality. He's an islander if ever I saw one."

Tracy drew long and hard on his cigarette.

"Kim," he said after a pause. "I want you to check and see if anyone knows Vincent on the island. If we can

#### TRACY DID NOT REGRET HIS VISIT TO THE CARLUGA BAR.





trace his family we might learn why his life's in danger."

"O.K., Mr. Steele. You have a picture of him please?"

"Cucklet's the only one around here who collects photographs of Rod Vincent, Kim," Tracy laughed. "See if she has one."

Tracy walked to the closet and slipped on his light-weight jacket. He gave Tom Lopaka a quick smile and opened the door of the office.

"Hang on here for a while, Tom," he said. "I'm going out to the airport to see if I can get a lead on that big guy. He must have arrived on the island recently, or someone here would know him. Hawaii's far too friendly a place for a guy to remain a stranger for long."

Tracy was gone for little more than an hour. When he returned to the agency offices near Waikiki Beach, Kim and Tom were discussing Rod Vincent.

"You were right, Mr. Steele," Kim beamed. "This guy is an insider. His real name is Pietro Molopa. He left Hawaii four maybe five years ago."

"Well, Kim," returned Tracy picking up the receiver of the black telephone on his desk. "How about

tracking down Molopa's kinsfolk, Tom? I'm going to put through a call to Stu Bailey in L.A. Seems there were two guys who touched down in Honolulu yesterday, and from what I hear they aren't exactly on vacation."

**K**IM'S Kab purred along the beach road that skirted the blue Pacific. Tom Lopaka, a native-born Hawaiian, knew every inch of the group of volcanic islands that made up the cross roads of four continents, but he had never spent much time in the village in the direction of which they were now heading.

Kim had learned that Pietro Molopa's mother was living there, but Tom was puzzled. Why had Rod Vincent lied to Tracy Steele?

"Maybe he wanted to live up to his publicity agent's build-up," suggested Kim as he glanced out of the window at the smooth black lava, the rills of a hygeous eruption from Konaheanui which towered over Honolulu. "He may have a grudge against the islands."

Tom didn't reply, for Kim's observations were echoing his own thoughts. But why should anyone want to kill the singer? This question could not so readily be explained away.

They pulled in on the shoulder of the road beside the group of bamboo and matted walled fishing huts. The restless Pacific was lashing rhythmically at the white sandy beach as Tom and Kim stuntered towards the patio of the best kept of the huts.

"This is Tunde Molopa's house, Mr. Lopaka," Kim smiled, removing his straw hat before knocking on the wicker door.

Tunde Molopa had a sad face. She greeted the two smiling visitors with a slight nod of her head, but Tom Lopaka could see that she was unhappy and had been that way for some time.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Molopa," began Tom. "I would like some information on your son Pietro..."

"I have no son!"

The statement was cold and final. Lopaka's eyes narrowed as he tried to understand what was troubling the woman.

"But I have seen him," persisted the youthful detective. "He's a singer and calls himself Rod Vincent now. Why does he not come to see you?"

"I have no son, sir," came the laconic, matter of fact tone once more. "My son died four and one half years ago."

"Won't you tell us what is troubling

"EXCUSE ME, MRS. MOLEPA," BEGAN TOM. "I WOULD LIKE SOME INFORMATION ON YOUR SON, PIETRO."



you?" continued Tom, trying to break through the rigid coolness of Tuala Molepa. "We only want to help. Pietro is in deadly danger and unless we know why, we are hindered in our efforts to protect him."

"My son died four and one half years ago. I do not wish to talk any more."

The Hawaiian woman turned slowly and withdrew into the hut. Tom Lopaka shrugged his shoulders in bewilderment.

"First the son doesn't want to be known as an islander and then his mother disowns him," Tom muttered as his feet scuffed up the silk-like fine sand.

"You would think that great shame had come upon the Molepa family, Mr. Lopaka."

Tom rounded on the cabbie, gripping him by the arms. Kim flushed in amazement, then his wide grin spread over his face.

"You've got it, Kim," said Tom excitedly. "Of course . . . to shame one's family in Hawaii is one of the worst sins an islander can commit."

"You mean I am a good detective, Mr. Lopaka?" asked Kim, his smile getting broader. Then his face fell and a slight frown furrowed his brow. "But what shame? Maybe if I could answer that I would be a good detective, eh?"

"You sure would, Kim," smiled Tom. "You'd be one of the best. Come on, let's get back to Honolulu . . . Tracy might know the answer."

Tom Lopaka ducked his head down to climb into the cab . . . and that probably saved his life. The echoes of the near fatal shot drifted back from the black rocks behind Tom, and his pistol was in his hand in a flash.

"Keep down, Kim," he shouted, taking cover behind the cab. "I guess we've found out a little too much for somebody's comfort."

The shot had come from the old-world fishing huts, and the young Hawaiian swept the beach and village with his clear blue eyes. Then he saw the man, large and powerful. The gun barked twice as Tom squeezed the trigger and the sand kicked up in furies behind the man's running feet. It was a warning shot of sorts, but the big man was not scared easy. He kept on running with incredible grace for a heavy man, and before Tom could aim to hit, the flash of sunlight on metal told the detective to take cover.

It was a lucky shot that the man fired next. It missed Tom but ploughed into the rear fender of the cab.



TOM'S PISTOL WAS IN HIS HAND IN A FLASH. "KEEP DOWN, KIM," HE SHOUTED.

Seconds later the purr of an engine came across the beach. The big man had reached a car.

It took Kim and Tom all of ten minutes to change the cab's immobilized wheel. Pursuit of the gunman was futile after that . . . they didn't even know what type of car they would be

trying to locate.

"We must have been followed here," Tom said gruffly. "This setup has a nasty taste to it . . . I think we're dealing with some sharp characters and we're two rounds down. Next time they might score a K.O. if we're not careful."

**T**RACY Steele was speaking on the telephone when Tom and Kim arrived back at the Hawaiian Eye offices.

"So, Vincent has been mixing with the rough elements of New York's syndicate, eh, Stu?" Tracy was saying into the mouthpiece as his pencil jotted notes on his desk memo pad. "No . . . you're right, they don't come any rougher, or tougher than Johnny Legrand. Well, thanks, Stu, you've been a real help. Do the same for you one day . . . give my regards to Jeff

Spencer."

Tracy replaced the receiver and his set expression didn't alter as he looked up at Tom.

"That was the dope from Stu Bailey, Tom," Tracy said, throwing his memo pad across to Lopaka. "I think we're really getting somewhere."

Upon the pad was pencilled a number of names and details. It was not difficult for Tom to fit the brief notes into place to arrive at the gist of the information gained from 77 Sunset Strip in far off Los Angeles.

**"YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY DON'T COME ANY ROUGHER, OR TOUGHER THAN JOHNNY LEGRAND," ANSWERED TRACY.**



"So, Rod Vincent is thought to have been mixed up with Johnny Legrand and Frank Brislowe," mused Tom, replacing the memo pad on Tracy's desk. "But they're real big time operators in New York. Surely they wouldn't come all the way to Hawaii just to take a pot-shot at an old buddy."

"It depends what that old buddy did to them," returned Tracy. "Stu says that Legrand and Brislowe were headed in on a tip-off for an armored car heist. They were given five years apiece and with some commision of sentence they might just be out now."

"But where does Rod Vincent fit into all this?" asked Tom, mixing in an armchair. "Do you think he's the guy that tipped off the police?"

"I don't know, Tom, but I think he figures in this little puzzle a whole heap more than he'd have us believe."

"Let's have him in," suggested Tom. "Maybe we can break him down."

Tracy Steele strolled down to Wall-to-Wall beach, sure that he would find Rod Vincent sunning himself on the glorious golden sands. He saw Cricket's blonde hair first and leisurely he crossed to her side.

"Where's Rod, Cricket?" he asked, suddenly coming up behind the songstress.

"Oh, Tracy, you gave me a start," Cricket laughed. "Rod's taking a dip. He'll be out soon."

"Will you bring him to my office when he's ready. I want to ask him a few very pertinent questions."

Before Rod and Cricket arrived at the Hawaiian Eye offices, Tom related to Tracy the events at the fishing village. Things were much closer to the two detectives now and they were able to fill in some of the missing answers. They went over the situation when Rod Vincent was seated comfortably beside the idol known as the Hawaiian Eye from which Steele's and Lopaka's agency derived its name.

"O.K., Rod," began Tracy, "I'm going to tell you a story. I want you to see if you know any of the characters involved."

Tracy licked his lips and lit a cigarette from the fresh pack that lay on his desk top.

"Five years ago, an islander named Pietro Molega went to the States, promising his mother to bring back riches and wealth from the big country. In a place called New York, the Hawaiian boy ran into two sharp thugs named Legrand and Brislowe. An islander's word is his bond, especially if the promise is made to his mother, so here

was the chance to fulfil his ambitions.

"They pulled a job together," went on Tom Lopaka. "They hijacked an armored pay truck, but Pietro, who had not played too great a part in the crime, was caught."

"Back home in Hawaii, Mamma Melepa got to hear of her bad boy's brush with the cops. She was ashamed of young Pietro."

Rod Vincent's face was very flushed as he sat listening to the Hawaiian Eye men.

"Where's this all leading to, Steele?" he snapped hotly. "What's this got to do with me?"

"If you stay quiet for a couple more minutes, we'll tell you," retorted Tracy. "Now Pietro didn't like the idea of spending too much time in a cell, so he took the police offer of a short sentence if he shopped the beans behind the bent."

Tom eyed Vincent's sweating face for a few seconds before he continued. Rod was visibly ill at ease. He obviously didn't like the story.

"It was very unlucky for Pietro that, after his spell of six months in prison, somebody found that the Hawaiian boy could sing very well."

Cricket, who had been listening casually suddenly sat up and took notice. She began to see what the two detectives were driving at, and she knew one of the characters in the story.

"Logrand and Britstowe spent just over four years in jail," went on Tracy, "and when they got out, their first thoughts were for Pietro. They were shouting for his blood. But Pietro had changed his name and was now a big star. He tried to dodge the vengeful bullets of his ex-partners."

"That's the story as far as we know it, Rod," said Lopaka grimly. "Did you think you would be safe when you took this job at the Carling Bar? Didn't you realize that Logrand and Britstowe can't be shaken off? They're out to get you, Melepa . . . and unless you come clean with us there's nothing we can do to stop them!"

Rod Vincent stood up and straightened his beach shirt.

"I don't know what you guys are talking about," he said, walking towards the office door. "You're wasting my time and your own, because I don't like your stories . . . and they don't mean a thing to me."

As the door slammed shut behind the young singer, the telephone on Tracy's desk rang shrilly. Steele picked up the receiver and muttered a word of thanks, then looked up at Tom and



"GET TRACY, CRICKET," WHISPERED TOM. HIS MOUTH WAS DRY WITH EXPECTATION OF THE FORTHCOMING CONCLUSION OF THE CASE.

Cricket and his face was stern and set.

"That was Moke. He's just learned from the airport that the two heavy visitors have booked seats on the mid-night flight to the States!"

"That means they're planning to finish their business in Hawaii within the next nine hours," snapped Lopuka.

"Exactly!" agreed Tracy. "We've got just that long to hunt 'em out of their hiding place . . . and if we don't, our song hard will sing no more. I think it's about time Lt. Queen of the Honolulu Police was notified."

All available help was given to Tracy Steele and Tom Lopuka and an extensive search of Honolulu and the surrounding area was carried out, but the result was negative. No trace of the two New York gamblers was found.

Time was pressing and soon the hour approached for Rod Vincent to begin his act at the Carlucci Bar. Tom Lopuka had spent the afternoon shadowing the singer but no new attempts had been made to gun him down.

The Carlucci Bar combo was heading out a strut tempo number when Tom entered the club with Cricket Blake and Rod Vincent. If the syndicate heads were to make their play before midnight, it was likely they would try now while Rod was in full view of an attentive audience.

His eyes seeing the night club customers, Tom sat at a table near the door and slipped a dry Martin Cricket introduced the latest singing sensation from the States and during his three delightful numbers, Tom Topaka noticed nothing unusual. Maybe the syndicate men had given up their plan of vengeance, but the shrewd islander did not think so. Men like Legrand and Brinstowe didn't spend four and a half years in jail hawking up hatred just to come out and forget the whole thing. No . . . they had less than two hours to make the killing before their midnight flight took off from the airport.

An hour of that time was spent at the club for Tom, and still there was no action as Rod came to the end of his first half performance. He climbed down from the low stage and walked towards the exit.

"Where's he going?" Tom asked Cricket urgently.

"Oh, Rod always goes back to his hotel next door for a rest during the interval spot."

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" snapped Lopuka. "This is it! They'll be waiting for him in the hotel!"

The young detective was pushing open the door of the bar as he reached

the end of his grim dialogue that sent a chill down Cricket Blake's back. Then she was moving after him and entering the hotel foyer.

Rod was climbing the stairs and Tom detected an apprehensive lift to the singer's gait. He was walking in fear . . . uncertain to turn his back on any exposed space. He knew danger lurked.

Then Tom saw them. At first he wasn't sure . . . but the shape of their jackets pulled down to one side, hands in pockets, slapping something heavy, told him it was the men who had come to end Vincent's life.

Lopuka drew his gun and checked the chambers.

"Get Tracy, Cricket," he whispered, his mouth dry with expectation of the forthcoming conclusion of the case of the marked singer.

Tracy was in his lavish apartment, waiting for Lt. Queen to report his progress in trying to seek out the gamblers who were ready to finalize their crime business in Hawaii. He heard Cricket's high heels running from the lounge beyond the swimming pool.

"Tracy . . . Tom's found them," she cried out, breathless from fear and dread. "They're in the hotel."

Steele pulled his .38 from his pocket and leaned forward in the wicker chair to the box of cartridges that lay open on a nearby table.

STEELE PULLED HIS .38 FROM HIS POCKET.



"O.K., Cricket," he smiled grimly, "but you stay here. This will be no picnic. These guys from New York are professionals and I do mean rough!"

Within three minutes Tracy was beside Tom Lopuka outside Rod Vincent's hotel room.

"They're still showing the fat," Tom informed Steele. "It's as we figured . . . Rod framed 'em!"

"Flip back your safety catch and let's go!" As the words left Tracy's mouth there was a crash of splintering wood and the Hawaiian Eye partners stood in the entrance, firearms held ready.

Legrand and Brinstowe swung round, guns coming in line with the detectives, but each man was dead before he hit the ground, eliminated by the sure hand of Lopuka and Steele.

KIMES Kab dressed along the coast road towards the tiny fishing village. Rod Vincent was relaxed now, but his eyes still held a sparkle of fear.

"You've paid for your crime, Patto," said Steele. "Your mamma knows this now . . . Tom would have broken the news."

"I know, Mr. Steele," muttered the boy. "But shame is a terrible thing . . . I have wasted my mother years of pain and trouble. You heard what Mr. Lopuka said . . . she even looks upon me as dead. I don't figure she'll change her mind so quickly."

"We'll see," nodded Tracy. "A mother is a special kind of person, boy . . . you can never say what she'll do when it comes to accepting her son again."

The teen crunched over the sand and came to a gentle stop. Tula Moleps stood framed in the bamboo and painted entrance of her hut, and her arms were outstretched as the swollen tears of five long years flowed from her dark, haunting eyes in relief and joy.

"Come on, Tom," Tracy smiled at his partner. "We'll just have time to hear Cricket's closing number."

"I'm with you, Tracy," smiled back Lopuka. "Guns were not needed here for a while."

Kim headed back towards Honolulu. His beaming smile spread as he glanced back at the two Hawaiian Eye detectives.

"Guns were right, Mr. Steele," chatted the cabby. "Mamma are a special kind of person . . . or is it people? . . . who cares? They're special anyway!"



DR. DAVID KEEL'S  
FRIENDSHIP WITH  
JOHN STEED,  
AN UNDERCOVER  
AGENT,  
INVOLVED HIM  
IN THE SINISTER  
AFFAIR OF  
**THE DRUG  
PEDLAR**

# THE AVENGERS





HOW MIN!



DEAD...  
TO BETTER CALL  
STEED!



HALLD, DAVID,  
WHAT'S THE  
TROUBLE?

HOW MIN  
JUST DROPPED  
DEAD ON MY  
DOORSTEP.

MURDER, BY  
THE LOOKS OF  
IT, JOHN!

HOLD  
EVERYTHING,  
I'LL BE  
OVER!



HE'S IN THE  
BACKROOM!

MINN  
DID HE SAY  
ANYTHING?



NOT A WORD!

HE  
WAS A GOOD  
UNDERCOVER  
MAN... HE MUST  
HAVE STUMBLER  
ON SOMETHING BIG







FIVE BREATHLESS MINUTES LATER



BUT AFTER TWO DAYS WITHOUT A WORD FROM SPEED, KEEL WAS WORRIED.



FOR TWO FREEZING HOURS KEEL WATCHED IN VAIN, THEN...







SPEED!  
SPEED!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?



OH, YOU  
LOOK A PRETTY  
SCARY... OHAY,  
I'LL UNITE  
YOU!



PREY,  
AM I GLAD  
TO SEE YOU.  
THEY WERE  
SAILING  
TONIGHT!

PARDON  
ME FOR ASKING,  
BUT I STILL DON'T  
SEE WHAT CRIME HAS  
BEEN COMMITTED!



WELL, AHEAD FROM  
THE MURDER OF HOW MEN  
THESE LITTLE BOYS  
HAVE BEEN DRUG  
RUNNING!



TELL ME,  
JOHN, WHO  
DID THEY  
KILL HOW  
MEN?

OVER AN ACCIDENT.  
REALLY, LIKE MOST SUSPECTS,  
THE GANG'S DRUG PEDDLER  
COULDN'T TELL ONE CHINAMAN  
FROM ANOTHER!



HE THOUGHT  
HOW MEN WAS  
ANOTHER PEDLAR AND  
GAVE HIM SOME  
DRUGS. WHEN THE MISTAKE  
WAS REALIZED  
THEY KILLED  
HIM!

MISTAKEN  
IDENTITY, IF NO ONE  
THAT KILL COST  
THEM THEIR  
LIBERTY!